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AN APPEAL FOR THE OUTCAST.

Dost thou hear that sound of weeping coming to thee in the night?
Like the wailing of an outcast, as of one who hath not light,
As of one whose heart is breaking, while her sorrow and her sin
Close in silence closer round her, dark without and dark within?

Oh, my sister, thou hast beauty, thou hast talent, softness, grace;
Love hath sheltered thee in safety, thou art in a wealthy place!
But that *other*, tempest driven, drowning in the midnight wave,
Wrecked on cruel rocks is crying, crying unto *thee* to *save*.

Wilt thou hear that cry unheeding, wilt thou let it o'er thee glide?
Draw thy robe more closely round thee, pass by on the other side?
Dost thou fear thy deed of pity will provoke the mad world's scorn?
Christ, thy Master, was an outcast, poor and desolate, forlorn.

For his love the world gave hatred, for compassion enmity,
And his foes in triumph saw him crucified on Calvary.
This he bore for *thee;* thy portion is to bear for him again,
Through thy sister, that poor outcast, tender sorrow, loving pain;—

Sure that as the dawning creepeth higher up the eastern sky,
His redemption full and perfect, draweth ever yet more nigh;—
Sure that thou and I, my sister, sowing precious seed in tears,
Soon shall gather sheaves immortal, in the bright eternal years.

Laura Ormiston Chant.

London, Eng.

HOW SHALL WE GET THE MOST OUT OF THE COMING YEAR?

A Sermon by James Freeman Clarke.

"*Redeeming the time.*"—Eph. V., 16.

We have a new year before us. The question is, "How shall we get the most out of it?" This is what the text implies by "redeeming the time."

Time is subject to the most inflexible laws. It is enslaved by the chains of an unalterable, everlasting order. The question is, How can it be redeemed from those laws, and set free?

One of those laws is this: Time moves at absolutely the same rate for all living beings. All human beings must live together in the same moment of time. The fifteen hundred millions who inhabit the earth are all living in exactly the same instant of time in which you and I are living. The time of the clocks differs. It is about eleven o'clock here; in London it is about four in the afternoon. But if we send a telegram to London, it is not received by those who were there five hours ago, but by those who are there now, our contemporaries. We are all swept along in the same current, at the same rate. No one, by any amount of genius or energy, can get a step in advance of the others; no one can fall behind. If I was born ten years before you were born, then, after fifty years, I am still exactly ten years older than you.

And yet, though time always proceeds at the same rate, it often seems to go fast or slow, according to our moods. When we are waiting for some one to come, and doing nothing, how slow the time goes! When we are very busy, and very much interested in what we are doing, how fast it goes! When we are active, the days fly by, the weeks hasten away, the years go like the wind. They appear to be very short while they go; but when we look back on them they suddenly become very long. A year filled with a variety of interesting incidents seems a very long year to look back upon. One in which we have been going through a mechanical routine,

with little excitement of thought and feeling, appears short.

In dreams we often appear to live many hours in a few minutes. One of the best verified cases of this kind was that of Lavallette, during his imprisonment in Paris at the time of the French Revolution. One night he heard the clock strike twelve, the iron gate open, and the tread of the sentry advancing to relieve his comrade on guard. Then he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was standing in the Rue Honoré, and saw an immense procession of the dead pass by; armed cavalry, infantry and artillery, a long army of fleshless men and horses, the men bearing torches which threw a ghastly light on the vast multitude and on the sad faces looking down from the houses. For more than five hours they passed by, an enormous array. Then the iron gate was shut with a clang, and he awoke. He touched his repeater, and it rang twelve. Only a minute or two had passed between the opening and shutting of the gate; yet in that interval this dream had taken place, of which he said that "nothing which had ever happened to him seemed more real, or the duration more certain."

I once tried this experiment: I said, "Our New England summer is too short in proportion to the winter. Is there no way to make it longer?" Then I recalled the fact that when I had gone away from home to make a visit, the first three days, being full of novelty and excitement, had seemed as long as a week. I therefore determined to visit several places during my summer vacation, but to stay only three days in each place. In this way I should make my summer twice as long. And I found it to be the fact. That summer seemed very long. Time thus becomes like an elastic bag, which expands as you put more things into it. And from these observations we may deduce this rule: "In order to lengthen your life, put a great deal into it."

It is not only true that

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name,"

but it is also equal to an age of indolence and apathy. That is why Tennyson says:

> "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Time, and what we put into it, somewhat resembles a chemical solution. Take a glass of water, and dissolve salt in it. After a while it will dissolve no more; we say "it is saturated." But when it will dissolve no more salt, it will dissolve a certain amount of sugar. So you can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labor; but you can also add to the same moment thought and love. Some people while working with their hands, can also converse, or reflect, or read. When Robert Collyer was a blacksmith, he used to have an open book by the side of his bellows, and read while he was working the bellows.

A minute will hold only just so much manual labor, just so much mechanical industry; but who can say just how much thought, emotion, imagination and love can be put into it? It is therefore the action of the higher human powers which lengthens life, which turns an hour into a day, and a year into ten. Some of the greatest souls who have lighted up the earth have had a short life if measured by years; but how long, if we consider the number of their great endeavors and accomplishments! The artist Raffaelle died when only thirty-seven; yet if the quantity of his creative work should be distributed along the years, he would be found to have attained an extreme old age. His genius developed itself in three distinct periods. Having reached the summit of one manner, he passed up into another, and then into a third, leaving in each masterpieces of grace and beauty which still give delight to thousands. He painted an innumerable multitude of Madonnas, eighty portraits, the frescoes in the Vatican, the cartoons, and an immense number of altar pieces, drawings, arabesques, and groups of graceful figures. His soul was an ever flowing stream; an exulting and abounding river of thought and beauty.

Not only genius but goodness lengthens out our days. How long are the

lives of those generous souls who live for others! Most of us each day think only of what we can get or do for ourselves; but there are those who acquire the habit of helping some one, of comforting, of adding cheerfulness and strength wherever they go. To those who thus give, much is given in return —contentment, trust in God, confidence in their fellow-men, sweet hopes, peaceful memories. Such lives may seem to have little incident, no adventures; you could not make the shortest story out of them; and yet how full they are! Yes, full, pressed down and running over with the vitality of the soul.

To fill life full you must open it upwards toward truth, beauty, goodness. Mere excitement is not life, for all excitements weary, and are succeeded by depression. The mere pleasure-seeker becomes dreadfully tired after a while. The hard routine of work into which no love and no thought enter, and which is done from necessity, not duty, leaves us in a lethargy. In order to "redeem time," we must look up, and not down. Seeking things below takes our strength out of us; waiting on the Lord for his higher gifts renews our strength day by day.

Another of time's inflexible laws is that it makes everything grow old, decay and die. The rocks crumble; the mountains are washed down; the great Sequoia pine, which has lived four thousand years, at last totters and falls. The Pyramids will not last forever; Niagara is eating itself away. The moon itself, so radiantly fair, is, they say, a dead moon, with no life on its surface. The earth will wax old as a garment; the sun grow dim and fade out of the sky, or blaze up into an all-devouring conflagration. All living things are subject to the same immutable law; everything which lives must grow old and die. The ineffable charm of infancy passes, the beauty and strength of youth goes by, the young man becomes old, the old man departs. Everything is transient, nothing is permanent.

Everything? No, not everything. The higher nature in man rises above the power of this law of time; it does not grow old, does not decay, cannot die. We all have within us the principle of immortal youth. Thought is always young. Knowledge never grows old. Joy in the beauty of nature, in the work of daily duty, in the divine love, gives to age the charm of childhood.

I see many young people who are prematurely old. They have exhausted life and its pleasures too soon; they have lived to amuse themselves and enjoy themselves, and the result is that they have neither amusement nor joy. But yesterday I met a friend, some months older than myself, who said to me that he was very weak in his body, and was losing his energy to work, but, said he, "The world is very beautiful to me still." He has been a hard fighter for right against wrong all his days; one who has loved truth and justice; one who has had for his friends upright men and generous souls, our patriots and philanthropists; and so while the outward man perishes the inward man is renewed day by day, fed by happy recollections and undying hopes.

I was reading lately of the sisters of Port Royal, who were persecuted to their graves by bigots because they would not say that they knew what they did not know, and would not say they believed what they did not believe. "They worked faithfully, suffered patiently, and died in the faith that a lie must be hateful to God, though an infallible Pope commands it and an infallible church calls it the truth." One of these nuns was Jacqueline Pascal, sister of the great Pascal. The Archbishop of Paris sent a commissioner to the convent to examine the sisters as to their faith. After the examination he asked her if she had anything to complain of, or wished for anything. "No, sir!" said she, "by the grace of God I am perfectly contented." "That is strange," said the commissioner, "for usually when I visit the religious houses I have to spend an hour or two listening to complaints, and in this I hear none." "It is true," said Jacqueline, "that by God's grace we live in great peace and unity of spirit. I believe this is because each does her

duty without interfering with the others."

We have all heard the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, how in midwinter she carried in her robe a supply of food to some poor people in the mountains, and as she climed the steep and slippery path met her husband returning from the chase. "What hast thou here, my Elizabeth?" said he. "What art thou carrying away now?" And, as she stood confused and blushing, he opened her dress, and found it full of red and white roses, lovelier than those of earth. So did the middle ages invent legends to glorify the sweet charity of this noble woman, who spent her time, strength and means in caring for the poor people afflicted by famine and plague. Especially she loved children, and built hospitals for them; and they loved her so that they ran after her, calling out "Mother! mother!" The sick children she took into her hospital, washed and dressed their poor little limbs, and bought them toys and gifts to amuse them. For this she was canonized; and she well deserved it, not because of the miracles which they tell of her, but for that which is more divine than any miracle, her tender heart and love of humanity.

This happened six centuries ago. But yesterday I received from New York a report of the doings of the Children's Aid Society during the last year. We do not think of New York as exactly the place where we should go to learn how to do good and to be good. But sometimes where sin abounds grace may yet more abound. For thirty years the Children's Aid Society has been at work among the poorest and most degraded children of New York city, until now it has come to pass that there is no occasion for any child in that city to be homeless or to wander through the streets; to suffer for want of food; to beg or steal for a living; to be without a school and kind care. It has provided sleeping houses for children all over the city, a mission for sick children, summer homes, industrial schools, newsboys' and girls' lodging houses, especially taking the poor little children out of the streets of New York and putting them on farms in the West, where almost all of them do well. In thirty years it has taken out of New York 67,000 children, many of whom have become farmers, lawyers, merchants, physicians, judges, teachers, and good men's wives. In the newsboys' lodging-houses such attention is paid to health that out of 187,000 who have been in them only one death has occurred. In the girls' lodging-houses 100,000 girls have been lodged and taught. The result has been that while New York has grown from 800,000 to 1,200,000 inhabitants, youthful crime has decreased. The records of the courts show that between 1859 and 1881 the annual commitments of female vagrants diminished from 5,700 to about 1,800; the commitments of girls for petty larceny from about 1,000 annually to about 300. Commitments for juvenile crime have fallen from 1,100 to 600. The old gangs and societies of boys who united together twenty years ago to plunder have disappeared altogether. These gangs have been broken up, not by punishment and penalty, but by kindness and education. Organized crime has been met by organized Christian influence.

Individuals in New York and elsewhere have done nobly in this charity. One lady sends out one hundred children every year at an expense of $1,500. Two young ladies of Boston sent out one hundred and fifty children last year. Another lady gave $46,000 for a new lodging-house, and a gentleman has done the same. This is better than the bounty of the good St. Elizabeth, for her charity came to an end with her life. But these organized charities escape the law of decay, and defy the corroding tooth of time. Such influences, when set in motion, are plants which take root, grow and bear fruit year after year. They are like the tree planted by a river of water, whose leaf shall not wither. They do not depend on the gifts of a few generous souls, however much these may help them, but on the inexhaustible charity of an educated Christian community.

Such generosities and humanities are

the things which decay's effacing fingers cannot efface, nor death destroy; which triumph over the law of change and loss, because firmly founded on the rock of eternal being. They share the immortality of God, who is above all time. "He," says James Martineau, "is the great I am. With him nothing passes, nothing fades. He is the sun which neither sets nor rises. Nothing in him is transient or finite; all is permanent and infinite. His truth expresses what is unchangeable, his beauty is an everlasting ideal. He is the ground-thought of the universe; before his eye the accidents of being fall away. Our intellect climbs from fact to law, from law to cause; his meditates downward from infinite essence into multiform expression."

Whenever our soul touches this divine essence, which fills nature and life, and is not far away from any of us, which includes us all as the sea its waves, then we escape the penalties of time and sense. Ever moment in which we obey the law of right and deny a temptation to do wrong translates us out of time into eternity. Then we come in contact with God. Every throb of generous love, every sincere struggle to do good, makes us, as the apostle says, "partakers of the divine nature." This is why Jesus says "He who believes in me shall never die," and "he who believes in me has everlasting life abiding in him." Not certainly does he mean by this any intellectual belief or opinion about him, about his person or work; but he meant faith in that divine truth and love which dwelt in him; that heavenly spirit which was incarnate in him; that nobleness of soul which made him the Immanuel; God with us. For God comes to us in every such holy, pure and generous nature, and most of all in Jesus, because his life was most full of God.

In order to be forever young, we must have this life, which is "hid with Christ in God;" this life in two worlds, the world of time and that of eternity. If we live only in the world of time, we are subject always to decay and loss. Things grow worse to us, not better. The world looks worse to us. Things seem to be going wrong. We ourselves make no progress. That is why some men seem never to soften or to expand; they pass through a long experience and learn nothing by it; they repeat forever the faults and mistakes of the past; to them the story of their early days is "not a poem, but an almanac." They are the Bourbons of existence, who learn nothing and forget nothing. The knowledge they acquire does not pass into them as a source of growth, but collects outside of their mind as a crust and shell. To them there is nothing sacred in existence, nothing holy in faith and love, in duty and generosity; nothing divine in the glory of sunrise, the roll of the ocean, the smile of infancy, the martyr's patience or the Christian's hope. All is bare utility, cold, hard, dying and dead. They are dead while alive, old when they are young. To them the years bring nothing and add nothing.

But others live in two worlds,—that of sense and time, that of soul and eternity. They may make no profession of religion, belong to no church, confess no creed. If you ask them if they were ever converted, they may say "No!" If you ask whether they believe in Christ, they may say that they do not know. But some sense of a heavenly world goes with them, and lies about them always. No event to them is simply material, no fact merely physical. There is a meaning in all, an intelligent purpose, a divine wisdom. So the best of what happens to them enters into them and becomes part of themselves. They drink at the fountain of perpetual youth.

To get the most out of the coming year we must put the most into it. And we put the most into it by living in a spirit of earnestness; doing with our might what our hand finds to do; not trifling with the golden hours, but receiving each as a precious gift from God. Only such earnest purpose makes the day a blessing, insures progress from good to better, and causes us to live in eternity while we are in time. Nor is this earnestness opposed to gayety and gladness; the most serious men have

been the most happy men. They are the happiest who value every hour; who put good work into it; who do not dawdle or procrastinate; who do everything now, and do it as well as it can be done. They make of life a fine art. Such men say each year, in the words of our dear brother and friend:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

So we "redeem the time;" so free ourselves and it from its despotic law of change and decay. When we put all the good we can into the year, we shall get all the good we may out of the year. Each moment of time may thus bring to us a glow and throb of eternal existence, make us inwardly younger as we grow older, until we enter that perfect state of which it is written that "Time shall be no longer."

THE SECRET OF JESUS' INSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

Jesus walked the earth homeless and almost friendless. He had neither money nor soldiers. His own people disowned him, and were planning for his death. There was no press to catch his words; he had no established schools, but went from place to place, teaching by the way, and followed by a few disciples picked up from the market, the custom-house, and from fishermen of the sea.

Upon what grounds could one, under such circumstances, suppose that he would have a continuous and an ever-increasing following? How was it that he could speak of himself as the "good shepherd," and say "I have other sheep, not of this fold; these also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one shepherd and one fold?" How could one thus homeless and friendless, and poor and forsaken, and on his way to an ignominious death, aspire to the leadership, the headship of men? How predict a world-influence, and go on planning for the ages to come? What seemingly wilder dream than to look out upon the divided and warring factions of mankind, and say, "they shall hear my voice," and that there shall sometime be "one fold and one shepherd?" How strange to say that he would go away; that he must suffer and die, but that his life would rise up, and that he would come again! How strange that he should call himself the "Son of Man!"

It is not difficult to have confidence when one knows that he has the truth; it is easy to foresee the future when one stands at the centres of causation. It is very easy for the botanist to look upon a seed and say, That will be a pine tree, and that an oak; the pine and the oak are already in his hand, hid away in the seed; and the earth and the sun are waiting to help bring them forth. A naturalist can very easily say, looking upon an egg, This will be a blue bird, and this a robin; for they are already in the eggs, and the laws of life are waiting to clothe them in beauty, and send them forth to fly and sing. It is easy now for a mechanic to say, I will build an engine, and with a little water and fire I will draw a train carrying hundreds of tons. He knows the strength of steel; he knows the expansive power of steam. And easy is it for the telegraphist to say, I will send a message across the ocean; he knows the cable is laid, and that some one is at the other end to interpret the touch upon the keys.

It would not have been difficult for a Homer to have said when the Iliad was composed, I have created a literature, and all coming ages will find in me a model; and so could Dante, and Shakespeare, and Goethe have said, We will take our place with Homer as the greatest world-poets of all time. When a Legendre formulated the axioms of mathematics, and unfolded these in a geometry, he could say, Here is something for all ages, something that cannot be unsaid; and why? He was dealing with necessary truths; truths and reasonings that must appear the same to all minds. And when Phidias, and

Angelo, and Raphael, and Reubens made the marble speak and the canvas breathe, they could say, Here is beauty, here is high art, here are models for the future; and standing back in the world of harmony, Beethoven and Mozart could say, We have touched the chords that will vibrate in the souls of men forever.

When Plato said, If there is any one thing of which I am more certain than another it is that I ought to be as noble as I can, he stood in the light of moral intuition, and spoke for all souls that feel the imperative in the world of right. When Epictetus refused to flee from Rome, and was told that he would be bound in chains, he said, You can bind my legs, but you cannot bind me; and when the officer said, I will cut your head off, his reply was, Do you not know, that of all the heads in the world, mine is the one that cannot be cut off? He was standing away back in the forever free and undying life of the spirit. Not many men in Rome could have said that, because not many in that sensuous city knew the depths and possibilities of their own being, as did this poor deformed slave and philosopher. And why was it that Washington could lead his little army with bare and bleeding feet over the cold snow, in fighting for the independence of this land, and not be discouraged? He felt that he was one with God in defending liberty and right against oppression and wrong. And why can woman go down to the altars of maternity — to the very verge, where the gates of life and death swing both ways? They are borne in the arms of everlasting love, like the sun carrying the planets in his journey through the sky.

And now we may see how the Christ thought and felt. He said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to them that are blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." He felt that he was "one with the Father," that "all power in heaven and earth" was given unto him; he felt that he was "the way, the truth, and the life." He stood at the great centres of life, of power; he saw all the mighty forces of the universe; saw the toiling forces that had worked their slow way up to man, and made man possible; he saw in man the germs of truth and beauty, and love and justice, waiting to be touched by the life from above; he saw the mighty power of God, which as a Holy Spirit of life, and truth, and love, was to be poured out like the sunlight and the air of heaven upon the world; he saw that truth was mightier than error, and life stronger than death, and hence he saw the unfolding and the fulfilling of the purposes of God.

Faith must have something upon which to stand; it is not vacuity, not emptiness, not fanaticism, but the vision and the realization of truth. When a naturalist sees the germ, he sees the coming flower and fruit; when an astronomer knows the laws and movements of the planets, he knows where they will be at any given time, and hence can foretell an eclipse; when an artist sees and feels beauty, he knows that others will see and feel the same; when a patriot feels the love of liberty and country, and goes forth to fight, he knows that he will not stand alone. And so the Christ, seeing the potential in man, and the real in God—seeing the good of all world's gathering under the law of love, could say of the ungathered souls of earth, "These also must I bring; they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one shepherd and one fold."

The trouble with men is that they have no faith, and the reason too often is that they are not in a position to have faith; they are not at one with God, and hence not in the line of life and power. Why could not Alexander and Napoleon foresee that they should rise to universal rule? They could not thus see because, in the nature of things, it could not be. They were working along the lines of ambition, of force, but when they were gone, other warriors would arise and their empires be scattered. The world can never be united by selfishness, by ambition for power; for these generate antagonisms, and hence

work their own destruction. But Jesus could say, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the earth;" for peace unites mankind, peace works good will, and hence conserves and grows by its own life. Wicked men have fear, but they have not faith; they know they are wrong, and wrong-doing does not give confidence; it cannot, for it is at cross purposes with the moral order of the universe; but when one comes into harmony with this order, then is he in the line of insight and faith and power. H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

Chicago.

THE MAN WITHOUT A GOD.

Most men will admit a superior Power of some sort. A first cause, a creator, an immutable, eternal energy, they do not utterly deny; that description of a God is a convenient hook for them whereon to hang the tangled skeins of their philosophic yarn, even in cases where they reject as unreasonable or unnecessary the God of Israel, the God of his people, the benign Father of Christian believers.

It is with the Christian's God we have to do in this paper.

The man without a God, while deluding himself with the idea that he ought to be the happiest of men, is, in reality, the most abject, the most unfortunate of animals.

He ought to be happy, for if there is no God there is no final judgment to bring him to account for his misdeeds. If there is no God there is no Divine wrath to stand in awe of, no retribution to fear. If there is no God there is no hell to torment him after death and the judgment, for what sin so great, as to condemn him to lasting punishment can man commit when there is no God to sin against?

He is a brave man, this atheist. The hardihood of Ajax when he defied the lightnings of Jove sinks into insignificance when compared with the boldness of the man who scorns the mercy of Jehovah.

Yes, he is a brave man, when, in the full power of his bodily strength, and the unenthralled freedom of his mental faculties, he mounts the lofty pedestal of his acquired knowledge and proclaims to the world, that the fool of old said in his heart, "there is no God." He thinks that the world will marvel at such wisdom, and that men will admire and praise in him beliefs (or disbeliefs) which they cannot, while gentle conscience stands with warning finger raised to chide the extravagancies of reason, bring themselves to avow.

But he goes further; not satisfied with having abolished the Deity, he ventures to assume the extreme prerogative of the Almighty — he creates a God — he sublimates himself. Having thus established himself on the throne of supreme wisdom, he sets about to deliver mankind from the bonds and shackles under which they have been groaning for ages. With the righteous indignation of the iconoclast, does he attack with potent argument the graven image of Christianity which a misled people have for centuries worshiped and fallen down to. What will he erect in place of this popular idol which he has cast down and destroyed? Why, he will exalt man—every man's individual self; or, if men are not satisfied with that, let them worship him.

He is a man of wonderful fearlessness and consummate self-reliance, but there comes a time in his history when his courage seems at fault. He falls sick and the lamp of life burns very low. In the cheerful hours of day he comforts himself with his philosophy. He does not fear while day lasts — the light of reason will triumph over and put to flight the dark forebodings of death, as the sun at morning disperses the sullen, hanging gloom of night. He is told that he cannot survive; he smiles, and argues that such is the way with all flesh. He is very calm; he marvels at himself in being able to contemplate with composure the act of a mind, and that mind his own, approaching death, oblivion, annihilation, without tremor, without dread; his very indifference seems indubitably to establish the supremacy of reason over doubt and fear, those terrors that so often stand grimly about the death-bed of believers in a

hereafter. He is now ready to die; the consummation of his greatness is realized, the pinnacle of his glory is attained; he is ready to enter into the original elements of his being, the chaotic mass of indistinguishable atoms whence he sprung. But death comes not just then — death waits. At night when the household is hushed in slumber, and the pavement no longer echoes the tread of the belated pedestrian; when the measured breathing of the one watcher by the bed-side tells that the sleep of weariness has for a few moments closed those eyes; when he knows there is no active life about him, then does the man without a God give way to fear; then does he cower forsaken and alone in the dark and solitary cavern of his ignorance, and whispers in a voice so faint that none but the listening ear of Deity can hear, "Would that God would send a ray from Heaven to enlighten me."

He recovers and forgets.

Let us look at him in another light.

He is a man of family; a husband, a father. He has a home, a stray bit of heaven not denied even him by that Mercy that causeth the rain to fall upon the just and upon the unjust. His home is comfortable, cheerful, pleasant. Roses bloom in the garden and jessamine and honeysuckle clamber over the trellis. Within is comfort, even luxury. Music delights his ear — he has sweet-toned instruments in his home that the touches of certain fingers can rouse into living harmony. He is fond of reading; he has a library replete with well-selected and instructive volumes. Animals please him; a dog greets him with a welcoming bark at his gate, and the house cat rubs against his chair purring its delight at the caresses he bestows upon it.

He loves his family. His wife, standing in the doorway there to welcome him, her face a little careworn, perhaps, but pensively, restfully beautiful in the in the soft lingering glow of the setting sun, loves him. His son, a manly, intelligent boy of seven or eight years of age, runs with light step to meet him and gain the first kiss, while his daughter, a sunny-haired blue-eyed child of four years, waits by her mother's side to greet him.

His foot presses his own threshold, on which he pauses for a moment to compliment his wife on her appearance, admire the rose in her hair, and chatter playfully with the children before entering to his evening meal.

He is at home, in the bosom of his family. When the playful clamor of the boy and girl is hushed in sleep and his wife sits by his side engaged in some trifling duty, his thoughts, diverted by the calm of the evening from the turbid channels of business, begin to center on himself and his prosperous condition. He honors and respects himself for founding and maintaining so reputable and comfortable an household. Not like some foolish men does he give thanks and glory unto God for temporal blessing, but rather to his own abstinence, patience and foresight does he attribute his present felicity. There is one thorn in his bed of roses, however, that he cannot wholly avoid pricking his infidel sensibilities upon: his wife is a devout Christian, and she is inculcating Christian principles and doctrines in the minds and hearts of his children. That frets his pride a little, but he lets her pursue her hobby, as he terms it, confident that the world, when they become old enough to receive instruction from its severe teachings, will show his children the fallacy and utter worthlessness of such a belief as Christianity. He will pay no attention to his wife's whim, but live on in the enjoyment of possessions he has accumulated for his happiness. But the fates are busy. This atheist, this man of family, this loving and generous husband and father will not escape some harsh decrees.

An accident, and his son is snatched suddenly from him. He is surprised; he had not foreseen it; philosophy made no provision for the sundering of a heart-string. Ere the echo of the boy's joyous laughter has ceased to vibrate in his memory, his little daughter is taken ill and passes away,— where? He startles himself with the question, and presses his hand to his forehead as if he would

press out a dark cloud that had settled on his brain. It is only another cord snapped. He resents this last calamity as an unkindness on the part of—whom? Poor creature he has not even a God to blame. Does the man without a God now contemplate death, oblivion, annihilation, composedly? Does the thought that his daughter, that golden-haired image of his household, that blue-eyed soul of his tenderer thoughts, will be reduced to the unknowable first principles of existence, that she will be resolved into an atom indistinguishable in the incomprehensible vastness of primordial elements, heal the open wound in his heart? The sweet-tongued utterances of finite philosophy seem to run in strange discord now.

Meantime the fates are not idle. His loved wife, that sweet companion who has borne with him the burden of his double affliction, she falls sick and no longer waits on the threshold to greet his home-coming. She lies yonder in the darkened chamber very pale and feeble, but very patient. He is at home most of the time now—with his family! He moves about his house absently, and ill at ease. He dares not question the physician for fear his answer will predict a calamity he fears to name. He enters his library and picks up a book, but he cannot read; a mist seems to gather before his eyes. He goes into the parlor, a very luxurious parlor, but to him barren of all comfort; the cold marble busts seem more cold and pallid than ever before; the musical instruments that were wont to discourse such rapturous melody, are soulless pieces of furniture; their white ivory keys grin at him like a row of mocking skeletons; or again they appear unto his troubled fancy like a mute procession of sheeted ghosts, saddened into silence at the thought that the hand that touched them into life would soon be as pulseless as themselves. That hand is even now reaching for an angel's harp!

He cannot pray, for he is a man without a God. He must wait. Not long!

The end comes. She dies with a smile and arms outstretched towards heaven. She is borne away from the house and lowered away—no need of gentleness, she cannot feel—into her narrow resting place. Dust to dust; Death, Oblivion, Annihilation! Another cord—! The grave is a stern philosopher.

The day after she is buried a man is seen stealing into the church yard. It is late in the afternoon and the sun hangs low in the west. The solitary wanderer approaches a fresh turned mound and kneels beside it—it is the man without a God. He has yet to perform one last labor of love, a duty so sacred that he wishes no eye to behold him while he acts. It was her wish that the little blue forget-me-not that grew in the garden should be planted over her grave; she wished that he would plant it there. With bowed head and dimmed eye he goes about his task; on his knees he fulfills her last request, and, as with trembling hand he presses the earth of the new made grave about the roots of the little plant, whose quaint blue flowers—her eyes were blue he remembers—seem to look up at him in sad sympathy, a something rises in his throat, and his face is set and white and stern in the dying sunlight as he turns his gaze to heaven, and utters in a tone that breaks from him like the moan of an anguished spirit, O God!

G. F. P.

A REVELATION.

When I look upon the world around me, I find in it the evidence of a power which is not my own, or that of any man who is or has been. This earth, these skies, are not the creation of human hands or brain. It is not a dead or dying universe. All about me I detect the presence of power. Power moves in the air, rides on the ocean's wave-crests, dashes in the river's torrent, bursts forth in the volcano, pulsates from star to star, hides mysteriously in the chemical forces which work within every atom. There is a strange attraction which draws all bodies powerfully to the earth. There is a more than human energy in fire and the thunderbolt, in steam and electricity. Science tells me that these are but forms of one

mighty force pervading all parts of the wide universe. What this power is I do not know and no man knows, but we are sure it *is*, and that it is greater far than we.

Again, I mark constant change in the world; change in the skies by night, change in the seasons, slow changes in the earth's surface, growth in plants and animals, changes of heat and cold, health and disease. I know there is a cause for every change, and little by little man discovers a few of these causes, and learns to predict what will inevitably follow on their occurrence. Whenever I see a change, I suspect a hidden cause, some unseen force making its presence felt before my eyes. Somewhere there must be an original power which has set these forces in motion. But this is not all. More and more I find that this power works uniformly, that it does not come and go by chance, but is guided by fixed laws which are invariable. Men do not understand these laws at once. They often make mistakes in deciphering them, but they are there, plainly printed on the world's face, and he who disregards them does so at his own peril. I know, as surely as I know anything, that these laws are real things, —limits set to the action of the great powers of nature. The world is not, then, the product of chance; it is a cosmos, kept in order, regulated and governed. It is moving, progressing, constantly changing, but preserving a fixed and unchanging path. The laws of nature and human life which men discover are the ways in which the world-power moves, and by understanding these, and obeying them, men provide for their convenience and comfort, and bend the forces of nature to their service.

I have said that men discover these laws. That means they do not invent them. They do not make, and cannot change them. The stars do not stop in their course for our shouting, neither will a comet pay regard to the smoke of sacrifice on a thousand altars. Words will not stop the pestilence, nor the beating of drums frighten away disease. The laws of health, the laws of astronomy were here long before man learned to know them. Some other than man's will must have ordained them, must have set bounds to the sea, and appointed the moon for seasons. Far as I penetrate the secrets of nature, still there is a deeper mystery, a source and a presence which my thought cannot fathom. I do not know what is hidden there, I only know it is something; some Being, —some Almighty and Eternal Being of beings. But because the world is full of order and beauty and harmony, because that order and beauty increase and grow upon my mind the more I study them, I know there is some purpose in the government of the Creation. Those laws and that purpose spring from One Will, all-powerful, all-knowing, behind all, and in all.

Still farther. When I read the pages of history, I learn another lesson. I find that some power has led man in the way of a continual growth. His power of mind and heart has been developing. He has not merely increased his personal comfort, widened his capacity for enjoyment, learned to know and do a thousand things impossible to him at the first, but he has found a conscience. He has discovered a moral power within and above him which commands his obedience. Guided by its precepts, he has preferred others' interest before his own. He has ministered to the suffering, the sick, the poor, the oppressed. Against his lower instincts, he has done this. Again and again he has sacrificed his best, even his life, not merely for friends, but for those he has not known, for the welfare of his kind. Such has been the course of human progress, reaching its highest moral ideal in the life of Jesus.

Now, the Power that led mankind in this path already reveals its own nature. That Power is righteous and loving, as well as wise. It is not less but more than the best that is here. That I am sure of. Not because any one has told me so, but because my reason, the mind that is given me, irresistibly compels me to this conviction. I believe in this God, — a Power that guides this world to some end of righteousness and love; a holy, merciful Father in whose

hands we all are safe. Yet I believe Him too wise, too loving that He should change any of His laws for my special pleading; too impartial to do to me what He would not do to all others in like need and circumstances, too great ever to be measured by these feeble human words. He is beyond all thought, yet I know that Wisdom and Power are in all and through all. That God I can worship. I can sometimes catch glimpses of His presence; shadows that pass me by, still voices from out the infinite dark. In noble thoughts that have inspired brave deeds; in faithful lives that patiently bore their burdens of grief and pain; in strange beauty that floods the western gates with glory, or covers the dull earth with the fair robes of spring, and dances on the sparkling waves of the sea, I have seen the touch of His hand. Then has my heart been stirred to its depths, and warmth and power have entered into my thought of God. And, again, by the silent mystery of death, in the sharp hour of moral trial, in the earnest pleadings of them who have themselves stood face to face with the Eternal, has risen upon me the thought of God. I cannot fathom it. Enough to know what now I know. Enough for one lifetime to follow this high star of thought, clear, sweet, and steadfast in its shining upon the darkness here below.

CHARLES J. STAPLES.

St. Cloud, Minn.

THE LIVING FAITH.

(A STATEMENT OF BELIEF FOR A GUILD).

I believe in holy living,
I believe in generous giving,
Truth and honor, kindly deeds,
Loving help for others' needs;

I believe in strong endeavor,
Progress that shall be forever,
Patient waiting, self-denial,
Faith, the clearer for its trial;

I believe in firm endurance,
In the might of love's assurance,
In God's all-embracing care,
In the blessedness of prayer.

Thus the Lord Christ Jesus taught,
Thus through all his life he wrought;
Following him we do the same
As for him and in his name.

L. A. BRADBURY.

Winchester, Mass.

DR. MARTINEAU'S "STUDY OF RELIGION."

III. WHAT CONSCIENCE CAN TELL US OF GOD; OR, GOD AS HOLY. PART II.

In our last paper we reached the conclusion that the ends toward which moral and physical laws, alike, look and work, are ethical, and the Divine Causality places itself at the disposal of the Divine Perfection: *Eternal Thought moves in the lines of eternal Holiness.*

But is this conclusion verified when carried into the sphere of outward things? The scheme of things in which we live admits: (1) of suffering,—pains from want, pains of decline, pains from the physical elements, pains from the predacious mode of life;— it admits (2) of moral evil or sin, and (3) it is charged with exhibiting the at least seeming abandonment of human history to the conflicts of rude force; can these things be reconciled with our recognition of an infinite moral perfection in the constitution and administration of the world? To many readers no part of Dr. Martineau's exhaustive treatise will have so vital interest as the eighty pages in which these objections to the belief in a moral order in the universe are answered and the belief justified. We can do no more than hint at their contents.

I. The possibilities of pain inherent in the organism are of two kinds: those which as wants—hunger, thirst, fatigue, — work the organism, and those which set in at last when the organism can no longer be worked. Of the former all can see the reason and value. The uneasiness of appetite and passion trains the animal to mastery over the world, and enriches the earth with higher forms of life developed through the struggle for existence. Is it charged as a cruel feature in the competition for existence, that the halt and feeble lose their footing on the world and are exiled from life? This judgment is itself a vindication of the Creator. The life given, with all its pains, is a good which it is a hardship to lose.

The sufferings which set in when the organism can be no longer worked is a harder problem. Had nature provided

the winding up with an anæsthetic, what harm would be done? The phenomena of disease among the lower animals, too, are perplexing facts. They are present, it is plain, *in spite of* the normal purpose of the structure they disturb, relatively to which they must be regarded as *undesigned* imperfection. However, they may be embraced within some larger project in whose paramount good their partial evils vanish. Does some one ask, What business have imperfections in the work of an infinite Being? Has he not power to bar them out? Dr. Martineau replies, Yes, if he lives out of his boundless freedom, and, from moment to moment, acts unpledged, conducting all things by the miscellany of incalculable miracles, there is nothing to hinder his Will from entering "where it listeth" and all things will be possible to him. But if once he commits his Will to any determinate method, and, for the realization of his ends, selects and institutes a scheme of instrumental rules (or laws), he thereby shuts the door on a thousand things that might have been possible before; He has defined His cosmical equation, and only those results can be worked out from it which are compatible with the value of its roots. It is in vain, therefore, to appeal to the almightiness of God, unless you mean to throw away the relations of any established universe, and pass into his unconditioned infinitude. In the Cosmos he has abnegated that Almightiness in behalf of law. The limits, it is true, are *self-imposed*, but, in order to any determinate action at all, *some* limits had to be assigned; and unless you can show that to a different scheme better possibilities attached themselves, criticism is out of order.

No disasters have a more appalling aspect, or seem to make more cruel sport of life, than those produced by the earthquake, the volcano, the geyser,—convulsions that contradict the very solidity of the world; but all these are remnants of the planet-making which still goes on; which has advanced far enough to offer some habitable land, but not far enough to ensure against eruptions and cavings in. But surely there is nothing to deter a beneficent Creator from opening the story of sentient existence ere the crust of the earth has settled in its last security.

If we are asked to reconcile blizzards, and cyclones, in their wide sweeps of destruction, with a moral order in the universe, we may call attention to the fact that they occur in conformity with atmospheric and meteoric laws which alone render life possible, and under shelter of which every breathing thing exists, and moves, and grows, and sees the world, and feels the sun; so that the same rules which are death-dealing for an hour or a day, are life-giving for ever. The real question is simply this: whether the laws of which complaint is made, work such harm that they ought never to have been enacted; or whether, in spite of occasional disasters in their path, the sentient existence of which they are the conditions has in its history a vast excess of blessing.

II. In man suffering gains additional intensity through the intellectual faculties which enable him to look forward in anticipation, backward in memory, and to put himself, in a very true sense, in the place of suffering friends, thus in these three ways greatly multiplying his suffering. But it is equally true that through the same faculties he is enabled as greatly to multiply his joys.

But further, suffering is a postulate of our moral nature. No one can be brave, without regulating the importunities of fear; or generous, without setting the true limit to anger; or just, without subordinating pity to the sense of right. The very elements that make up the cases of duty are thus, in innumerable instances, relative to the presence of suffering, and in its absence would themselves disappear. Suffering thus holds a place among the data of the moral life, and is essential to this highest term in the ideal of humanity.

And suffering is not only the postulate from which our moral nature starts; it is also *the discipline* through which it gains its true elevation. Without suffering no man is ennobled. A large part of human pain comes from unreal-

ized ideals. Yet to this source of unrest we evidently owe the whole impulse which saves both individuals and society from a stationary existence. More readily still will it be admitted that but for sorrow the heart would seldom find its rest in God.

But what shall we say of *moral evil* in the world? Why, it may be asked, were we not so made that sin would have been an impossibility to us? This question, like the similar one asked about the physical world, assumes that there is nothing we may not ask from the omnipotence of God. This, however, we have already seen would not be true of a God who had quitted his unconditioned infinitude, and instituted a cosmical existence. God is no doubt the source of the *possibility* of sin, having set up the created wills in which it originates, and left them free to choose alternatives. But only by thus abstaining from predetermining necessity, and allowing play for preferential choice, could he leave room for the exercise *of character* and the testing of fidelity. In virtue of this abstinence, God is at once the cause of the existence of human character, and *not* the cause of what that character shall be. It is *because He is holy*, and cannot be content with an *un*moral world, where all the perfection is *given* and none is *earned*, that he refuses to render guilt impossible, and inward harmony mechanical. Were He only benevolent, it would suffice to fill his creation with the joy of sentient existence; but, being righteous too, he would have in his presence beings nearer to himself, determining themselves by free preference to the life which he approves; and preference there cannot be, unless the double path is open. To set up, therefore, an absolute barrier against the admission of wrong, is to arrest the system of things at the mere natural order, and detain life at the stage of a human menagerie, instead of letting it culminate in a moral society. The weightier problem before the righteous creator of the human race would seem to be this: how to provide the free conditions of *character*, and at the same time best secure *its tending upward.* Has this problem been solved? Let us see.

Nothing takes place morally except what takes place *through* one's *own self-determination.* To provide for this, man is endowed with will. In order to give scope for the intervention of will, there must arise some conflict between the intensity of one impulse and the higher worth of another. This constitutes *temptation* and gives opportunity for self-determination. But unless the temptations are kept within bounds disastrous results may ensue. Are they thus limited. (1) All men do not want the same sins, but all respect the same excellences. This difference in the temptations of men is security against the permanent dominance of any one sin, and furnishes hope of the final subordination of all. (2) In rightly directed will there is a cumulative force; while neglect and misuse entail a dying away of will, till the possibility of self-determination practically vanishes, and the moral life is to all intents and purposes expunged. But Will is power; power is thus being always lost by those in whom conscience sleeps, and always gained by those who form themselves by the higher law.

III. But does not history negative this reasoning, by showing humanity abandoned to the conflict and triumph of rude force? No! There are four distinct types of character which mark the stages of ascent in personal and social life. They are: (1) That of *instinctive appetite and passion*, in which there is the least remove from the condition of other animals; (2) That of *self-conscious pursuit of personal and social ends*, involving the first exercise of *will;* (3) That of *conscience*, in which these ends are taken, not as we like, but as we *ought;* (4) That of *faith*, in which the conflict is transcended between what we like and what we ought, and duty becomes divine. And not only are these stages each relatively higher than the preceding, but the types of character are increasingly strong. Moreover, *races* repeat in their experience these same successive stages of character, and exhibit among them

the same relations of graduated strength. The impulsive or instinctive period is the time of petty wars and small communities. The self-conscious pursuit of social ends absorbs the petty tribes into the great trading commonwealths, of which Phœnicia stands as a primitive example. The genius of the Phœnicians was mercantile enterprise; they were the typical embodiment of *gainful desires.* When the time arrived for them to come into collision with the grave and vigorous Roman, no individual genius, no prowess, could avert their fall before the sterner moral solidity against which they were flung; the commercial civilization, which was great on the commercial exchanges of the world, went down before a law-giving and law-abiding people, whose mission it was to codify the social conscience of the human race.

Yet when that mighty Rome had for three centuries ruled the civilized world, an unnoticed competitor for the homage and allegiance of hearts stole in at the background of the scene. Insisting also on a common law,—administered, it is true, in no Practor's court,—but insisting far more, on a blending affection, it asserted its superior vitality by stepping across the boundaries of empire, raising its altar in opposite camps, and quietly surviving the shocks of revolution. As the old order caved in and made a disastrous ruin, the new religious organism lifted its head and grew; and whether we judge the inward unity which it created, by its intensity or its duration, it far transcended that of the the great secular empire which it superceded.

History thus interpreted is no record of the triumph of rude strength, but, on the contrary, attests the ever advancing superiority of the higher terms in the hierarchy of powers.

ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

HAPPY THE TIMES IN WHICH WE LIVE!

The sword and the stake once would pious be, and thrust themselves forward in aid of religion. Now, as abettors of faith, they belong, like the dodo and the ichthyosaurus, to an extinct epoch. The sharp and hostile pen that used to know no better than to stab and draw hatred and unholy reply in theological warfare, is fast going the way of the fagot. Dogmatic flourish and parry are, thanks to the genius and music of the spheres, passing out of practice, giving place to a better order of motions. Helpfulness and love without limit are in the air. The dynasty of peaceful deeds, and not belligerent doctrines, is in power. More than ever before the gates are opened that "the King of Glory may come in" to make all bright and joyful. Where degradation is, there peace on earth and good will towards men seek afresh to penetrate and find settlement. Consecration to the work of God and of Christ among the fallen and the measureless mass which has never risen, is in an increasing number of hearts.

"My Father worketh hitherto,"
O, give *me* sacred tasks to do.

Happy the times in which we live, that so much light from above is shining into open souls and thence radiates all abroad. So where fools dare tread—in perdition and countless fens, there much more do angels rush in to save.

W. M. BICKNELL.

Malden, Mass.

EMANCIPATION OF THE BRUTE CREATION FROM THE CRUELTY OF MAN.

In March of last year, Henry Bergh, the organizer of the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in this country, laid down his office and was promoted to some higher ministry in the kingdom of universal life.

There is nothing of notable significance to be chronicled in respect of either his character or his abilities. He was a modest, true, unselfish man, as multitudes of other men are, as every man ought to be. He was not gifted with genius, made no mark for himself in literature, art, science or statesmanship. He simply had a thought come to him which laid its claims upon his means, his time and his energy. He faithfully gave himself to the thought, and his life was filled with word and deed which bore it out upon the attention of men and fixed it in the organism of society.

It is that thought which I wish to commemorate. I cannot speak of the founding of the society which I have mentioned, by Mr. Bergh, in 1864, as a notable event, for it attracted but little notice at the time; it has never occupied a prominent place in public attention, nor is it likely that it will ever be regarded as of marked historic consequence. Yet it is not always the conspicious event which has the widest meaning in human progress. William Lloyd Garrison's voice rang out in behalf of negro emancipation and its echoes will be heard for many a generation. Mr. Bergh spoke for the emancipation of the dumb animals from cruelty. I am not certain but his work had the larger meaning. It was a great era truly that opened up as the smoke of Appomattox rolled away. Behind lay a cruel wrong, dead; slain by fire and sword; a wrong which for two hundred years had held human beings in bitter thralldom. But it was his brother man whom man redeemed by the bloody sweat of the battle-field. There were human chords that rang freedom in, struck by the hoof of war-horse and the thunder of cannon. It was brotherhood that widened by the strife and the sacrifice. When Henry Bergh lifted the saddle from the galled back of the overworked horse, what came? Was it the era of a still wider brotherhood?

There was no demonstration. There were no shout and shock of battle. The busy world moved on its course, nor paused so much as to notice the circumstance, but when the saddle was eased from the galled back, our Christian civilization had stepped upon a higher plane of nobility. Quietly as breaks the dawn the new era came; the calm, gentle spirit of Henry Bergh showed us an undiscovered world, "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," of universal life.

It is here that we come upon the peculiar significance of the work of Mr. Bergh. There never was so quiet an affair that meant so much. The Humane Society does not mean merely more kindness to the animals, it means the dawn of a greater dignity of man. Wherever a Humane Society exists and thrives, there is a community where character is high, where intelligence is charged with a strong reverence for the value of life. It is not only that the animals suffer when there prevails an insensibility to cruelty, but human nature is by that insensibility degraded. It is ennobling to be sensitive to the infliction of pain.

A flourishing Humane Society is, therefore, a powerful educator and promoter of the higher humanities. There exists a dense thoughtlessness which needs breaking up. When the Humane officers interfere in behalf of the overworked, sore-backed horse, the act sets people a thinking, and thinking emancipates the horse from his slavery and men from their ignorant cruelty. Do you suppose that ladies would wear the wrecks of birds in their hats if they were to stand by as the terrified, fluttering creatures are taken from the net and their wings and plumage torn from them while still alive, and their quivering, mangled bodies thrown on the ground to die in the agonies of a lingering death? The cure of the thoughtlessness will save the birds. A Methodist minister, and a most excellent man, too, who would not knowingly do a wrong thing, applied to a friend of mine for the loan of his horse, and was refused. I asked my friend his motive. "Well," said he, "the dominie is a good fellow and I hated to refuse him, but he doesn't know how to use a horse. He ruined a fine animal for Mr. —— the other day by over-driving." He was simply *thoughtless.* There was an important lesson of his Christian education which he had never learned, that the horse can get tired and suffer from thirst and exhaustion. There should have been an officer on the ground to have arrested him. The act would have opened his eyes and qualified him to be a preacher of righteousness as his theological lectures had not done. There is not a stable keeper who does not know that it would be hundreds of dollars in his pocket to be always sure that his animals, whether in the stable or in the harness, would be well treated. We

cannot afford to be deaf to the mute pleading of the suffering animal. All through the fierce heat of last summer's drouth the prairies echoed the lowing of cows famishing with burning thirst. The milk of these cows was diseased. The fiery thirst secreted in it a poison, and peril stood by the doorway of the home. Over every railway from the Rockies to the Atlantic are heard the ceaseless moans of suffering cattle on their way to the abattoirs. The flesh of those animals is diseased, and who knows to what extent our human aches and ills may be the echoes of the suffering in the cattle car. We are tied to the the brutes whether we will or not, by ties which cannot be cut. If they rejoice in life, our life-blood bubbles with joyfulness. If they are filled with weeping, their tears mix with our life-streams. The retaliations of their sufferings are inflicted on us.

By every means let the light be spread. In the public school and in the Sunday-school let the children be taught a high regard for the sacredness of bird and beast. Let us educate public sentiment to keen sensitiveness to the infliction of pain, an alert, thoughtful interest in the welfare of the animal. Let us multiply Humane Societies, and nourish them bountifully. They are surest signs of solid progress. That is an advanced civilization, capable of great undertakings and prosperity, that can make the animals which serve it sing for joy.

C. F. Bradley.

Quincy, Ill.

"ROBERT ELSMERE."

"The decisive events in the world take place in the intellect." The possible tragedies of the intellectual life become more frequent in modern life as the religious problems of the day demand for their solution an ever-increasing scholarship, an ever-widening rational method of treatment. A very striking illustration of this tendency is Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," a legitimate product of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

This is a work of undoubted creative ability. Its literary execution is of the very highest character. It recalls in many ways of vivid comparison the delicate and penetrating insight of George Eliot, the same intensity of ethical purpose, and yet we find here little of that introspective analysis so often characteristic of the latter's literary art. There is here a certain largeness and generosity of conception, such a tolerant breadth of treatment, and so much of a sense of reserved strength, that the work at once impresses one as a creation easily at home within the domain of genius. Throughout the work the vision of the thing to be done is clear, the grasp of the details assured and their treatment marvelously incisive and instinct with the excellence of a vigorous and cultivated imagination. In their sharpness of purpose the outline strokes are made with a masterly hand, while the minor details are drawn with the most subtle delicacy of observation and of sympathetic feeling. So great is the integrity of the descriptions, for instance, in "Robert Elsmere," that the reader feels he can easily reconstruct all the local geography of Burwood, and is confident he recalls all the more striking characteristics of the High Fells and the lonely Westmoreland heath with that distinctness of image usually belonging only to memory fresh from the contact of actual vision.

The main characters impress one as life-size photographs transferred from the author's acquaintance to the portrait canvas of the literary artist, and where her treatment of personal excellencies and defects partakes of that impartial justice belonging only to the true artist-spirit. Mrs. Ward takes no personal liberties with her characters; she enters into no long analyses in laying bare the secret springs of motive and conduct. She generously allows her character friends to reveal themselves in the self-confessions of what they said and did, given to us in all the charming sincerity of an intellectual friendship and of a sympathetic appreciation.

"Robert Elsmere" has thus all the humane sincerity of a study from real life. It is pervadingly realistic with

the veracity of contemporaneous human experiences. The same great currents of thought and feeling are surging here that we find actively present in the life of to-day. The book lays hold of our sympathies because it is a sincere attempt to give a fitting expression to that real thought-life known to many living men and women. Many of its pages we recognize as rescripts from the history of warm, throbbing hearts, as genuine reproductions of the intellectual experiences of earnest, sincere minds. Of course the most vital interest centers around Robert Elsmere, the Episcopal clergyman, whose pathetic life gives to the story its adequate reason for having been written. He is shown to us not as a coarse-grained skeptic, but as a religious rationalist who respects his own intuitions as revelations and who possesses a deep-fibred loyalty to that faith which every true soul must bring forth out of the issues of its deepest life.

Having been led by various influences to question the intellectual motives for his hereditary religious faith, Robert Elsmere enters, almost unconsciously, upon the supremest moment in his life. A full knowledge of the grounds upon which rest the results of literary and historical criticism as applied to the Bible contents demands scholarly researches and comparative studies to which few persons can devote themselves. Robert Elsmere was, however, one of these few; and he had, besides, the courage to face for himself the intellectual ghosts which in his own mind had so long haunted the ancient edifice of historical Christianity, and to demand of them to give a definite accounting for their existence. His investigations into the historical evidences as to the literary origins of Christianity partake of all that seriousness and sincerity which characterize honest inquiries into the most important historical facts. The miraculous element was there found by him to be inevitably natural, but as inevitably false for the mind of to-day. He seeks in turn to find the approximately true basis of facts upon which the Gospel narratives grew up, and in doing so is compelled by the evidence within his reach to reject their seemingly miraculous and legendary factors as non-integral elements in the Gospel biographies. Having decided upon sifting this matter to the bottom facts, Robert Elsmere allows himself no recoil, no retreat, but goes bravely forward into the great thought-tragedy of his life. He thus finds for himself the bed-rock of the truth of the Gospel records, and finds his mind free at length to accept a mentally honest basis for that ethically lofty religious faith which stood to him for the veracious revelation of the truth of the Christ-life. While that faith may not be accepted as typically Christian, yet the author leaves the question open to every reader to decide if it was otherwise than deeply, loyally religious. Whether it was not also genuinely Christian is the great question left at issue.

Robert Elsmere's intellectual courage directed along this line gave him that incentive which led on to the ultimate and full answer, but not until it had nearly carried him into the despair of religious darkness. Such an experience shows the inevitable power of momentum in the pendulum of the human thought, when once it has been strongly set in motion in a definite direction. Robert Elsmere courageously accepting the consequences of his intellectual conversion, withdraws from church relations now become insincere, and begins to build anew the edifice of his religious faith. It is at this point that the intense tragedy and pathos of Robert Elsmere's life is concentrated. His relations with his wife, Catherine, become of the most painfully tense character, a conflict between the intellect and the heart so great as to threaten their domestic happiness with a constant eclipse. Here we see the typical modern drama of protesting, inquiring, religious thought invading the precious thought-serenity of the home, and while seeking to find a stable equilibrium for itself is also trying to keep the peace as between intellectual integrity and affection. It is the old tragedy of reason grappling with emotion, intuition questioning tra-

dition. This religious drama passed through its various acts in Robert Elsmere's thought-life as a necessary adjunct to his mentally sincere and ethically religious temperament.

It is not within the limits of this article to inquire critically as to the legitimacy of the conclusions at which Robert Elsmere arrived. That would open a wide field of discussion, upon which much could be said *pro* and *con.* It therefore only remains to be remarked that Robert Elsmere having arrived at certain mentally-honest convictions, the new faith grew into an organic unity in his mind, and took on a very practical illustration of its humane possibilities in the formation and workings of the just organized "New Brotherhood of Christ." And it is here that the new faith, by co-operation and association like its primitive Christian prototype, proves itself capable of assuming and holding "a practical grip on human life."

The personal result in Robert Elsmere's mind and life of this new faith, and its influence upon his associates and followers, is certainly corroborative, in a credible way, of the uplifting, vitalizing power of a highly spiritualized, ethical religion, and compares not unfavorably with the best results growing out of a belief in the traditional Christian faith. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone's remarks on this point of interest are singularly just and significant as admitting the inherent potencies of such a belief as that held by Robert Elsmere. He says in his review in the *Nineteenth Century*: "It is impossible indeed to conceive a more religious life than the later life of Robert Elsmere, in his sense of the word religion. And that sense is far above the sense in which religion is held, or practically applied, by great multitudes of Christians."

"Robert Elsmere" as an intellectual and didactic influence does great and deeply reverent justice to the personality of Jesus. In its call for a re-conception of the character of Jesus it recognizes and emphasizes the ideal object toward which flows the current of modern religious thought. It is a prophetic invitation to which future years will certainly respond, and it will surely aid in showing to men for their deeper loving and reverence the real Galilean saint, the true features of that prophetic life which was "the symbol of the Divine" in humanity.

"Robert Elsmere" is a book of to-day and for to-day, and has come into being, like all the works of genius, "just in the nick of time." It is a direct result of the Great Transition in current religious thought in which we live, and which is to be transmitted in an intensified form to the next century for ultimate solution. It is a legitimate child of the intellectual and religious revolt against traditionalism and a deified, God-worshipping Christology. It is both a forerunner and a prophecy of the pending "irrepressible conflict" between what is true and what is false in the historical origins of Christian theology, between the transient and permanent elements in the religious life of the soul. HENRY D. STEVENS.

REV. DR. THOMAS ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."

Why are the millions of Christian readers in England and America so interested in this story of a clergyman giving up his old views? We can hardly account for this upon any other theory than that somehow the people are in a state of mind to expect and to welcome and encourage some new form of belief. This suggests again that they are uneasy and not fully satisfied with the faith that is commonly taught. Such is the simple fact in our days. It is not that the people want to doubt, but that they cannot believe in many of the old doctrines. Their rational and moral consciousness make it impossible. They do not want to sink down into unbelief; and hence they are so hungry for a religion that will satisfy both the reason and the heart.

A second question is: Why are the orthodox clergy of two great countries so uneasy? Why do they so dread the effects of this latest religious novel? Why are a hundred thousand preachers so disturbed by the words of this one

woman? England and America have been under orthodox teaching for centuries; these teachings have the sanction of age and the support of wealth and learning and social position. If all these preachers were at all certain that they are right, that their positions can stand the test of critical research and unprejudiced reason, why should they be so anxious? Are they afraid to trust the common sense of mankind? Are they afraid that the real foundations of Christianity will be undermined?

Does not all this alarm suggest that many of the clergy have themselves felt the difficulties and the uncertainties of some of their positions, and are afraid to have the people think upon such matters? My good friend Dr. Gunsaulus has confessed that the doctrines of Elsmere are preached at a time "when men are most ready and best prepared to receive them," and that they "take hold of men with an almost fatal grasp." But why is this so? Why is it so difficult to hold the world to the orthodox faith? Why is it that the children rocked in the cradle of orthodoxy, and sent to its schools, and many of those even who have been educated for its ministry, find themselves growing out of these old beliefs? If in the change they lost their faith in God and righteousness, and their love and reverence for the good, the explanation might be found in the resulting moral darkness. But such is not the case. Elsmere's faith in God and religion is if anything stronger after the change than before; and he is no less earnest in his love for man, and his efforts to do good; and such is the general experience of those who come into large views. The very fact that it is so hard to hold the world to any form of faith suggests the suspicion that there is something wrong in that faith.

To thoughtful and unprejudiced minds who really believe in the Christian religion, it is a pitiful sight to see that religion so exposed to attack, and so weak in its positions and defenses as to be disturbed by this simple story by a woman; and it is pitiful to see the entire orthodox church, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe and America, unable to answer Col. Ingersoll. There must be something inherently weak in Christianity itself, or there is something wrong in that conception of it called orthodox that constantly needs bolstering up, and then is never secure.

The weakness, my friends, is not in Christianity; but in the methods employed for its advocacy and defense, and in the weak, unreasonable, and often wicked doctrines, taught in the name of Christianity, and put forth as themselves being Christianity; and it is just here that the New Theology is taking its place in the world and in the New Reformation of the 19th century, and is trying to free the Christian religion from the accretions of error that are exposing it to so many sources of attack, and making it appear so weak and indefensible.

Mrs. Ward in her novel has not gone deeply into the questions of theology; and it is not in this form of literature that they are to be settled; but upon the higher planes of debate. But the fact that a woman has written such a work is very suggestive, and it is this that makes the orthodox preacher so uneasy; for it is matter of common knowledge that many of the open-minded men of these churches have long since ceased to believe in much that they hear from their pulpits; but they are held to the church by social ties and pecuniary interests. They have helped build these places of worship; their wives and children attend them; and they think the moral influence is generally good; and hence they remain and support them. But what if the women begin to think, and to question the very doctrines that the men have ceased to believe in any thorough and realizing sense! That is what orthodoxy fears; and that is the danger that threatens it in this age when women are coming into the foreground of thought and action.

REV. A. G. JENNINGS ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."

What impressions will this book be likely to make upon the world?

Its impressions will be various. On the confirmed orthodox it will make but

little impression either way. To those dissatisfied with orthodoxy, who have not yet found a resting-place, it will be a revelation. Robert Elsmere will lead them through their seas of doubt into harbors of peace and safety. But he will be a scorpion to those who are today in the other churches untrue to their convictions.

I can honor and respect a man in an orthodox church who is there because he believes it right to be there, because it stands to him for the truth, as I could respect Catherine for her dogmatic faith.

If in the orthodox church any man can find that which he needs to make him purer, stronger and better, and I very well know there are those who are so helped, then I should advise him by all means to remain. I can only say to him, God bless you, my brother. But when a man in heart has broken with his faith, when it no more stands to him for the living truth, then I would say to him, especially if he be a minister of the Gospel, Come out at once. Do as Robert Elsmere did, although you stand alone,—come out and God will bless you. But if on the other hand you choose to remain, stultifying your religious nature, your heart will turn to ashes in your breast. Truth and beauty will forsake you, and God himself will hide his face from you. "It shall be with you as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh and his soul is empty."

"Alas!" says Theodore Parker, "for that man who consents to think one thing in his closet and to preach another in his pulpit. God shall judge him in His mercy, not in His wrath, but over his study and over his pulpit might be writ Emptiness, on his canonical robes, on his forehead and right hand, Deceit. Deceit!"

REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."

The main purpose of the book is, as I conceive, to show us a man who brought his action into conformity with his thought in spite of the most terrible temptation that could obstruct his path, — the temptation, for the love he bore his wife and the love he feared to lose, to say, "Falsehood, be thou my truth." "Imagine," he cries to Grey, "standing up Sunday after Sunday to say the things which you do not believe, using words as a convention which those who hear you receive as literal truth, and trusting the maintenance of your position either to your neighbor's forbearance or your own powers of evasion." It is not a difficult thing for any English clergyman to imagine, for it is a thing which is frightfully common in the Established Church. The right of men believing precisely what Elsmere did at last to enjoy all the honors and emoluments of that Church, to go through all its motions, is affirmed by men of great ability and the highest standing. It is now a very common thing, I am assured by one, an English gentleman who always weighs his words, for young men to enter the church openly rejecting the creeds and ritual which they will piously recite, because they wish to do a practical work and the church gives them a prop for their lever. In our American Episcopalian churches we have very similar phenomena, and not in these alone. Not long ago, a Presbyterian clergyman in New Jersey informed the Presbytery that he could no longer believe the doctrines of the Confession. The Presbytery made reply that, so long as he continued to preach them, they should be glad to have him stay with them, and they hoped that he would be satisfied with this arrangement. It was to blast this sort of thing that "Robert Elsmere" was written. It is a summons to young men and old, tempted as Robert Elsmere was to make their lives a living lie, to be strong with his strength, true with his manly truth. I cannot think it will be wholly vain. Already, I am sure, it must have struck home to many a wavering conscience with accusing and invigorating power. There is no word more needed in our time. Better that orthodoxy should hold its own another century than that we should have a race of preachers keeping up a miserable pretence of belief from which the reality has forever fled.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN OUR PULPITS AND THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

We have long believed that in no direction does the work of the Christian ministry more need strengthening than in its relations to social science. Social science is the science of society,—it is the study of society as it is and as it ought to be, and of the principles to be followed and the means to be employed in transforming society actual into society ideal. But the work of the Christian minister, on one of its sides, is, or should be, exactly this,—the work of elevating, purifying, ennobling society, of helping it to higher aims and better adjustments, of lifting the actual in men's relations with each other up more nearly to the ideal of perfect justice, truth and brotherhood. No class of men, therefore, should be more earnest students of social science, in all its departments, than ministers.

This suggests the need of far more being done than is being done now, in almost all theological schools, in the way of giving instruction in this line of studies. Up to within a half dozen or so years almost no attention whatever has been given to such studies in any theological institution in this country. A few of the bettter schools are now beginning to do a very little in this direction — none more than our own two, at Cambridge and Meadville. But nowhere does the importance of these studies seem to be adequately felt.

None of the orthodox seminaries are more progressive and in line with the best thought and work of the time than Andover. And yet Andover's nine professorships embrace only the following subjects: Relations of Christianity to the Secular Sciences; Church History; Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology; Biblical History and Oriental Archæology; Elocution; Systematic Theology; Biblical Theology; New Testament Greek; and Hebrew and Cognate Languages. Then there is a *lectureship* on "Some Special Bearings of Political Economy to Ethics." Doubtless there is room for some social science work under the lectureship, and the first named professorship, if the instructors in those chairs are so disposed. But how disproportionate is even this to the need!

Says President Eliot: "A new and prodigious field of knowledge, labor, usefulness, has opened to the minister within our generation. The minister of the old time had not to bother his head about these things. There was formerly no continual discussion of social evils. But to-day there is no social problem, however complicated, that the minister is not expected to have his mind made up upon, and to advise and speak wisely upon." This is none too strong a putting of the case. But how are ministers to have their minds intelligently made up on these important and intricate subjects, and to be able to advise and speak wisely upon them, if they have not given careful study to them? And where is there so fit a place for such careful study as in theological schools?

We are glad to see that our English Unitarian Theological School (Manchester New College) has provided for a series of lectures this year (the first in its history) on "Sociology," by Rev. P. H. Wicksteed. At the opening meeting of the College Mr. Wicksteed gave an address upon "The Connection between Sociology and Theology," taking the ground that the connection between the two is very much more close than has generally been supposed. "If we look at the question from the practical side," said he, "and think of our College as a training school for the Christian ministry, there can be no question of the propriety, indeed the necessity, of inviting the attention of our students to the problems of sociology. . . The religious teacher is concerned, and closely concerned, with the whole machinery of our industrial life and the whole structure of our social fabric. . . Sociology bereft of religion, is without a goal, and the blight of perpetual sterility is upon it. Theology bereft of sociology is remote from the actual life of men, and is smitten with unreality."

We are glad to see Dr. Lyman Abbott writing in the *Century* in favor of a more frequent consideration of sociological questions by the pulpit. In the same connection it is interesting to no-

tice also an editorial plea in the *Andover Review*, both for more social science in the pulpit and for more and better sociological instruction in theological seminaries. Says the *Review:*

"We believe, with Dr. Abbott, that social questions belong in the pulpit by every right which can entitle subjects of human concern to a place there. They are not to be relegated, like political questions of a past generation, to fast-days and special occasions, but are to be preached upon without leave or apology, in precisely the same surroundings, and with the same accessories of worship, as may attend the utterance of any class of truths on the Sabbath, and in the house of God. Only let the preacher be prepared to preach with as much discrimination, wisdom, and force upon them as upon other subjects. Let his preaching be such that his hearers will go out from his influence instructed, counseled, encouraged and warned in regard to their social duties. We especially emphasize the need, on the part of the pulpit, of directive and constructive thought in its treatment of social subjects. It is so easy to be denunciatory, or indiscriminate, or vague. The pulpit has it in its power, as Dr. Abbott affirms, beyond the press, to be really helpful to men in the discharge of social obligations. But, to be helpful, the preacher must be a thinker, trained in the application of Scriptural truth to the existing conditions of society. President Buckham, at a recent alumni dinner in one of our theological schools, urged as the next chair calling for a foundation in our seminaries, that of social science. He was right. The seminaries are doing what they can by related courses of instruction, and by supplementary lectures from without, to meet the present demand for the study of sociology in its Christian aspects. But the subject is large, and ought to be assigned a distinct place in the curriculum of our theological schools. We welcome Dr. Abbott's plea for the introduction, in full degree, of social questions into the pulpit. And what the pulpit ought to preach, the schools ought to teach."

All this is timely. If the thinking of leading minds is beginning to set in this direction now, far more will it do so in ten or twenty years from now. The world is waking up to the importance of a religion for this world and for to-day. But to fit our ministers to preach such a religion they must be intelligent regarding the great questions and interests that are central in men's thoughts and lives to-day. And what so fit a place to be the fountain head of such intelligence for them as the theological schools? We would by no means disparage any of the subjects taught at Andover, and enumerated above, but we insist that while those subjects might with some reason have been thought to cover the whole ground of preparation necessary for the ministry a hundred or even fifty years ago, they do not cover the whole ground of such preparation now. Think of devoting three chairs and a part of a fourth to the Bible,—its languages, exegesis and theology, and yet having no chair of social science, and indeed none of ethics.

A call is beginning to be made for the endowment of another professorship in our theological school at Meadville. Why should it not be a professorship of social science? or, of social science (including also philanthropies and reforms) combined with something else? While of course we must not neglect the great and important lines of religious instruction that the school has been carrying on from its foundation, we of all Christian bodies are most bound to keep abreast with the best thought and the most effective practical work of the age. But how can we do this unless we provide ample facilities for instruction upon subjects vital to the social, and therefore the moral and religious interests of all our communities? — such subjects as the rights, duties, moral responsibilities and relations to each other of capital and labor; the ethics of strikes and lock-outs; co-operation; the land question; the wage question; tenement house reform; pauperism, its causes and prevention; charity reform; sanitary charities; intemperance, its causes and prevention; crime, its causes and prevention; prison reform; juvenile reformatories and their work; child-saving work in its full range; kindergartens; creches; industrial education, in its economic, social and moral bearings; moral education as related to the public schools; the "woman question," or the question of equality of rights and privileges between men and women; the Indian question, that is, the obligation resting upon the American people to civilize the Indian and make him into a useful self-supporting citizen, and how

it is to be done; the Mormon question; divorce; social purity; gaming; the ethics of politics; the ethics of business; immigration; humanitarian science, or organized work for the prevention of cruelty, etc., etc.

These are pre-eminently living subjects, and will be for a long time to come. They are of vital concern to individuals, communities, the state, the church. The next century will be amazed that any theological school, even the most unprogressive, as late as the year 1889 should have failed to maintain a chair of instruction devoted to these pressing, these immensely important themes.

Especially should Unitarianism be alive here. Our pulpits and theological schools may well lead off as strongly in the direction of a wiser practical religion as they have done in that of a more scientific exegesis of the Bible or of a more rational and ethical theology.

THE BIBLE NOT ONE BOOK, BUT MANY.

There is a unity in the Bible, but it is not of the kind that a shallow piety has imagined. These books (some sixty-six in number in our Protestant version) contain much of the spiritual and material history of the Hebrew race for more than thirty centuries. They are the history, literature and jurisprudence of a nation. The only connection between the books, beyond the fact of their being gathered into a single volume, is found in that spirit of national genius which pervades them all. If you take the poems of Spencer, the dramas of Shakespeare, the romances of Scott, the histories of Macauley and Gibbon, and the songs of Shelley or Burns, you would have a volume exactly analogous, as to form, to the Hebrew Scriptures. A clear knowledge of this most important fact is necessary to the proper understanding of the Bible. It is the wildest and most hurtful folly for people to talk about every part of the Bible as having an equal claim upon our belief and practice, or to assert that some parts are not of greater moral and spiritual weight and authority than others. It is morally hurtful to accept such statements as true. Some of the books are evidently and obviously the utterances of a wandering, uncivilized, uncultivated people. Others spring from the best culture and highest enlightenment of the Hebrew race. We must, in imagination, break up the Bible into its several parts — assign each part to the age and the national condition from which it took its rise, before we can lay the foundation for an intelligent study of the Scriptures.

Being separate and widely different books, the statements of one have no essential connection with the others. Each book of the Bible must stand upon its own merits. This is a truth of the most tremendous importance. Once recognize it, and we are under no obligation, in defense of a theory, to reconcile contradictions and inconsistencies in fact and spirit, which exist between the different books. The Preacher of Ecclesiastes was a skeptic, a materialist, a voluptuary, a distruster of God. His mournful utterances chill the soul and benumb its energies. But his sad gloom can take no value from the crowding multitude of passages which glow with childlike trust of God and Man, which are all on fire with the eloquence of the loftiest inspiration.

The God of David and Joshua is not the "Father" of Jesus and John and Paul. The spirit of some of the Psalms is far from being the spirit of the Beatitudes, and any attempt to spiritually and morally reconcile these things, in accordance with a preconceived theory of Biblical unity, must end in the saddest moral confusion. They bear no spiritual relationship. When Samuel slew the false priests of Baal and hewed Agag in pieces, when Joshua trampled the heathen to death in the promised land, and David turned in rage upon his enemies, his mouth full of cursing, it was poor, hunted, baited, sorely tried human nature, acting in accordance with the light it possessed in its day and generation. But the whole body of such records can and ought not to have the slightest weight in our conduct of life, or our religious faith.

Take all the follies, cruelties, mistakes, tyrannies, cursings which are woven into the woof and web of some of the older books of the Bible, and say, as many orthodox theories do say, that they are all of equal weight and moral authority, all religiously binding upon our consciences, that they stand in the same spiritual attitude towards us as the most priceless revelations of God to the race,—say this and you utter a terrible blasphemy against the heavenly Father. A bold, bad theory has withheld the true Bible from the eyes and hearts of men, and thrust its own fancyings and imaginings in its place.

The Bible, through wise and genuine reverence, can be restored in all its matchless beauty to the keeping of the human mind. If we would go to it as we would approach any other noble work of God and humanity, we shall be richly repaid. It is full of splendid examples of heroism and devotion. It is glittering, as the midnight heavens glitter with stars, with words of immortal wisdom. It is a portrait gallery of some of the world's noblest men and women. Deathless hymns, that raise the soul into the higher atmosphere of the spirit, gleam from its pages. It is the blessed consolation of the suffering, the cross-bearing. It is the hope of the dying. No age has ever exhausted the mine of its riches. No nation ever held these riches as a treasure without being made happier and holier in the conduct of national life. All the attempts of infidelity, ancient and modern, cannot lessen the true glory of the book. Nay, infidelity has had a wholesome and salutary influence upon the study of the Bible. Just as some ignorant old monks of the middle ages would whitewash an exquisite fresco which an earlier, finer age had left on their chapel walls, and which a wiser future would clear and restore, so infidelity has helped, unconsciously, to restore the Bible, which a crude, ignorant, and superstitious reverence had whitewashed with its disfiguring theories. The men of this modern day who have studied the Scriptures with unbiased, honest and sober minds, still declare that they stand pre-eminent among the monuments of the world, and though marked with the genius and the limitations of the age that gave them birth, they need apology as little as does the blessed sunlight of God.

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE "KING'S DAUGHTERS."

SHALL LIBERAL CHRISTIANS GIVE UP THE ORGANIZATION?

The order of The "King's Daughters" was started as unsectarian, and has spread widely in almost all denominations, including the Unitarian and Universalist, without reference to creed or name.

But now the Central Council in New York announces that the order is orthodox, sending out the following creed:

"In answer to the repeated question that comes to us, 'Do you belong in any way to the other 'Tens,' 'Lend a Hand Clubs,' 'Look-up Legions,' etc.?' we desire to clearly state that we have *no connection with any other* orders whatsoever.

"The Daughters of the King recognize that they are indebted to these friends for admirable suggestions, which they have thankfully adopted. Ours is distinctly a spiritual organization, based on strictly evangelical principles. Our foundation is Jesus Christ our Lord, in *whose atonement alone* we rely for our salvation, and by *whose power* and in *whose name* and to *whose glory* all our work is done.

"Our order has assumed unexpectedly large proportions, and we feel that God has chosen his daughters as instruments of great blessing to multitudes. Let us not limit 'the Holy One of Israel.' God has promised to pour out his spirit on his hand-maidens in these latter days. Let us be emptied vessels that he may fill us, and use us to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds and the bringing in of the kingdom of our Lord, 'whose we are and whom we serve.' Let us see to it that our basis be distinctly understood, that we may have the confidence and co-operation of all with whom we are in a common faith in the ever blessed trinity,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"Indorsed by the Central Council of the order of the King's Daughters."

This statement from the Central Council suggests the question, Are we sure that the order started as unsectarian? We reply: We have before us as we write, three different circulars issued by the General Secretary of the order, or the General Council, at different times, and they all so represent it. The "ten times one" idea of Rev. E. E. Hale was central in the order from the beginning. The motto adopted was Mr. Hale's

> "Look up and not down;
> Look forward and not back;
> Look out and not in;
> Lend a hand."

The "watch-word" chosen was "In His Name," suggested by Mr. Hale's story with that title. The badge adopted was the Maltese cross with the letters I. H. N. (In His Name) upon it, —which is the common badge of all the Lend a Hand (unsectarian) societies. The name "King's Daughters" may not have been taken from the beautiful poem with that title written by Mrs. Utter (wife of Rev. David Utter, of Chicago), but at least the Central Council published that poem on one of its special cards. Thus name, general idea, motto, watch-word and badge, all seem to have had, in their origin, a very close connection with Unitarianism.

But this is not all. The circulars and leaflets published declared in the most unequivocal way that the order was liberal, broad, unsectarian. One of its earliest leaflets, describing the motives which led to the formation of the order and the circumstances connected with its organization, begins as follows:

"Like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, a new spirit of unity and fellowship in Faith, Hope and Love, has been moving for a long time past upon the hearts of Christians everywhere. Many listening souls in many places have been hearing the sound thereof, knowing not whence it came or whither it led, but recognizing in it the Heavenly Father's voice.

In answer to that inward call, Christian hearts drew nearer to each other, until a little company of women united to form an outward union to embody the union of spirit already born of God.

They met for the first time,—a little company of ten — at the residence of Mrs. F. Bottome (New York City) on the morning of January 13, 1886. After consideration of the good to be gained and the good to be done, by binding themselves together by a triple cord whose strands were Faith, Hope and Charity, they decided to organize themselves into an order or sisterhood of service, adopting the 'ten times one is ten' idea, and hoping by the union of favored and grateful women to increase their usefulness many times ten fold."

This leaflet all the way through manifests the same broad spirit, without a hint of sectarian or dogmatic limitations, representing the organization as desiring "the largest liberty" and as having for its object "to widen the circle of helpfulness by drawing in constantly more and more hands to work for humanity, and more and more hearts to work for the King."

Another leaflet published by the Central Council states the "object" of the order to be "to unite women in a combined effort to help the world in Faith, Hope and Love;" and it declares explicitly that "the purpose to try to live the mottoes ('look up and not down,' etc.) and to serve God by service to his children, is the *only condition of admission to this order.*"

A third circular is quite as explicit, speaking of the "breadth of freedom" of the organization, and declaring it to be "open to Christians *of all denominations.*"

Such are the facts as to the early history of the order, and the representations made as to its character. Of course it was these facts and representations which caused the Liberal churches of the country to welcome the new organization and to encourage the formation within their ranks of circles of "King's Daughters."

But now these circles are suddenly confronted with an orthodox trinitarian creed, and are told by the Central Council that the order is based upon "strictly evangelical principles," etc., so that Mrs. Utter, whose beautiful poem the order has made so much of, and even Mr. Hale himself from whom comes its central idea, its motto and its watchword, as well as all Unitarians, Universalists, Independent Liberals, and

other Christians of the land who cannot honestly work under a trinitarian creed, are virtually cut off, henceforth, from the order, at least from the order as represented by the New York Central Council which has taken upon itself to send forth this new and surprising statement.

Under such unexpected developments of course the question arises among the circles of King's Daughters which have been formed in Liberal Christian churches: What is to be done? Having been induced to join an order under the representation that it was broad and unsectarian, "welcoming all Christians," shall they quietly consent to the running up of a creed-banner which changes radically the nature of the organization, putting them in a false position, if not excluding them and all who cannot subscribe to trinitarian orthodoxy, no matter how much they may love the Master, or desire "to help the world in Faith, Hope and Love"?

Three possible courses of procedure seem to be open to Liberal Christian circles of King's Daughters.

(1). One is to retain their connection with the order and with the Central Council, and go on as heretofore, saying nothing. Communications received from the General Secretary seem to indicate that they will be allowed to do this. The objection to this is, of course, that they thus put themselves in a false light. They are *not* trinitarian or orthodox, therefore they cannot *honestly* belong to an orthodox trinitarian organization like the King's Daughters, any more than they could to an orthodox trinitarian church. If *individual circles* of King's Daughters anywhere wanted to adopt a trinitarian creed, that would be a different matter; that would not affect the character of the general organization, and liberal Christians could still remain connected with it, without dishonesty. But when the General Council declares the *general organization itself* to be orthodox and trinitarian, then the situation is changed,—then for Unitarians and Universalists to remain connected with it, is for them to consent to appear before the world as what they are not;—it is like a local anti-slavery society keeping connection with a national pro-slavery organization; or a free trade club consenting to be known to the world as standing for protection.

(2). A second course open is, for each Liberal Christian circle to send its individual protest to the Central Council, and *withdraw*,—thus leaving the order to change its character as the Council seems to desire, while the liberal circles surrender the name and seek a broader fellowship under some other designation.

(3). A third course is (and it is strongly advocated by some active workers) to say to the Central Council in New York: We joined in good faith, on your own representation that the order was to be broad and liberal and to include "all Christians." And now having done so we cannot consent to be virtually driven out, neither can we accept any *ex post facto* orthodox creed. Moreover, we believe we have a right to the name "King's Daughters" so long as we remain true to the principles on which the order *was established*. We propose therefore to retain the name, and continue to work for the objects which the order set forth at the beginning. And if the Central Council in New York (which by the way we suppose to be *self-elected*) persists in keeping its creed, we see no other course than to elect a Central Council of our own, if not in New York then in Boston or elsewhere, to represent not only Unitarians, Universalists, and others who take the distinctive Liberal Christian name, but also such orthodox circles as desire to continue to work in the broad and unsectarian lines which the order laid down at first.

Now, when old sectarianisms are tending to fade away, when the better minds in all churches are feeling out after a wider fellowship and co-operation, it seems a poor time for an order which began in noble non-sectarian breadth to narrow itself down to a creed that shuts out some of the best Christian workers that this age has produced. It is a time when we expect the narrow to grow broader, but not the broad to grow narrower.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.*

She wears no jewel upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the king; and when
Her father calls her at his throne to wait,
She shall be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done.
And since the king loves all his people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fail on either hand.
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the king's command;
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is a daughter of the king.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror, it appalls not her;
She turns to look at him, with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger."
Her heart rejoices that her father calls
Her back, to dwell within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For "that imperial palace whence she came."
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing;
Because she is a daughter of the king.

—*Rebecca P. Utter.*

JESUS BROUGHT BACK.†

We announced two months ago that Mr. Crooker, the minister of our church in Madison, Wisconsin, was soon to give us a book with the above title. It has reached us, and fully justifies our expectations concerning it.

The volume endeavors to portray Jesus the man, Jesus the great religious teacher, Jesus the inaugurator of the most fruitful religious movement in human history, as he appears to reverent, rational, constructive scholarship,—that scholarship which rejects the miraculous element in the accounts we have of him just as it would reject the miraculous in the history of any other ancient character, and for the same reasons.

It would hardly be possible for an author within the same compass to make a more powerful statement of the reasons why unbiased scholarship cannot longer accept the New Testament accounts of Jesus as an infallible revelation, or entertain longer the theory concerning Jesus himself that he was both God and man. But the author does not simply make the God-man to disappear, giving us nothing in his place. The object which he keeps steadily in view is that of pushing aside the fictitious *in order* that he may *fill its place* with a *better real.* And he has succeeded. The picture which he draws of Jesus is not only rational and critical, it is also reverent, loving, warm.

The impossible God and the ghostly speculative Christ of the theologies both disappear, but in their place appears a man, so real, so strong, so brave, so true, so noble, so great, that we instinctively feel that the title given to the book, "Jesus Brought Back," is not inappropriate.

The work has five chapters: 1. The Messianic Hope; 2. How the Gospels were Written; 3. Jesus of Nazareth; 4. The Glad Tidings; 5. The Ministry of Jesus To-day. And we are glad to see that the present volume is to be followed by another entitled "The Christ Idea in Theology," which will take up certain lines of thought where the present volume leaves them and show the process by which the real Jesus became transformed in the mind of Christendom into the speculative and unreal theological Christ.

One of the valuable features of the present work is the list printed at the beginning of each chapter of valuable books and articles for collateral reading.

Mr. Crooker gives us a piece of consciencious and careful work, the result at once of wide and thorough study, and

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* We published this poem in the *Unitarian* of October, 1886, but reproduce it now by request. The form in which we give it is correct, as we get it directly from the author. The poem was written in October, 1871, and first appeared in print in "The Christmas Locket," which was a supplement to *Old and New*—the writer being Miss Rebecca S. Palfrey, now Mrs. Utter.

†*Jesus Brought Back.* By Joseph Henry Crooker. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. pp. 214. Price, $1.00.

much excellent thinking. It is a distinct contribution toward the clarification of the religious thought of the time. It is the best kind, indeed the only effective kind, of answer to religious skepticism. It helps men to see that the outcome of the revolution in religious thinking which we are passing through is to be not the destruction of religion or worship or the church, but, more reasonable and in every way more worthy conceptions of all these.

The book will render excellent service to Unitarianism. We hardly know of a book which gives a more satisfactory setting forth of the views concerning Jesus and the essentials of Christianity held to-day by the better class of radical Unitarians.

It is particularly well adapted for the use of persons who are inquiring their way toward us, whether from orthodoxy or from skepticism. Such persons it will help to see that in inviting men to come to our religious positions we invite them to place their feet not upon sand but upon a rock.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTIONS FROM JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

SUNDAY.

The Divine Protection.

Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection,
The soul sits, hushed and calm;
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life or dull dejection
Can work the spirit harm.
Diviner heavens above
Look down on it in love;
And as the varying winds move where they will,
In whispers soft, through trackless fields of air,
So comes the Spirit's breath, serene and still,
Its tender messages of love to bear
From men of every race and speech and zone,
Making the whole world one,
Till every sword shall to a sickle bend,
And the long, weary strifes of earth shall end.

Be happy, then, my heart,
That thou in all hast part,—
In all these outward gifts of time and sense,
In all the spirit's nobler influence,
In sun and snow and storm;
In the vast life which flows through sea and sky,
Through every changing form
Whose beauty soon must die;
In the things seen, which ever pass away;
In things unseen, which shall forever stay;
In the Eternal Love
Which lifts the soul above
All earthly passion, grief, remorse, and care
Which lower life must bear.

Be happy now and ever,
That from the Love divine no power the soul shall sever:
For not our feeble nor our stormy past,
Nor shadows from the future backward cast;
Not all the gulfs of evil far below,
Nor mountain-peaks of good which soar on high
Into the unstained sky,
Nor any power the universe can know;
Nor the vast laws to whose control is given
The blades of grass just springing from the sod,
And stars within the unsounded depths of heaven,—
Can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God.
For nought that he has made, below, above,
Can part us from his love.

MONDAY.

Growth in Grace.

If we accept patiently and trustingly what comes to us from God, there comes with it an inward strength and peace. What we owe on our part is trust, submission, and fidelity. Let us be loyal to our work, whatever it is; whatever our hand finds to do, let us do it with our might. Let us forget the things behind,—disappointment, sorrow, the unkindness of others, remorse over ourselves. Leave these behind, and reach out to things before—to deeper knowledge, larger usefulness, purer love. And so while the outward man perishes, the inward man will be renewed day by day.

TUESDAY.

Being Our True Selves.

Let us understand, then, that our true self, our real self, is our best self. In our best hours, we are more truly ourselves. We are then what God made and meant us to be. We are at one with ourselves. All our faculties work harmoniously according to the true method. The soul commands, the body obeys. The conscience obeys the law of right; the appetites and desires are obedient to that obedient conscience. There is no such thing, therefore, as natural depravity,—all depravity is unnatural.

To be a religious man is not to be less manly, but more so. It is not to cut off any faculty, to deny any power, but to unfold all in the light of God's truth and love.

And so man is not himself when away from God. Man needs for growth and development, for the full action of his powers, the sense of the Divine presence and the Divine love. The man who has no faith in God is only half a man. Half of his nature, and that the higher half, is passive and dormant. He is away from his true home—a wanderer in a foreign land.

WEDNESDAY.

In Him We Live.

Infinite Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high!

Unseen, yet not unfelt: if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth in pure desire,
Or glorious act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O God! which fans the fire.

THURSDAY.

Looking Up.

The one thing needful is to look up: to revere something above us; to desire something better; to hunger for a higher good. Call it by what name you please — aspiration, love for the ideal—it is essentially and radically the same thing as love for God, for it is the love of that which is highest, truest and best; and he who loves the highest, truest, and best, is, in his heart and soul, a lover of God.

To love and seek the highest goodness is, then, the one thing needful, for in this is the deepest root of all true religion. To look up to something higher than ourselves, better than ourselves, is the spring and source of all progress, and constitutes the chief distinction among men.

FRIDAY.

The Cross.

To believe in the cross is to believe in the reality and the power of love — that is, of goodness; for all goodness partakes of the nature of love. It is not self-absorbed, but goes out in quick, vivid interest, ardent sympathy, instinctive acts of generosity; self-sacrifice, impulsive and inevitable; self-denial which does not appear like self-denial, does not appear to fast, but is radiant with joy, and cheerful as a summer's morning. Now, to believe in the cross is to believe in the reality and the power of this principle. It is to believe that men are capable of this self-forgetfulness, that they are not all selfishness; and that where this generous enthusiasm goes it is like an auroral light, kindling at once with warm red flames the whole dome of the wintry sky.

SATURDAY.

The Conversions We Need.

Let us not believe less in conversion, but more. We need to be converted, not only once, but often. Whenever we forget these sacred and solemn hours, and are caught up again by worldly cares, we need to turn round again in order to see the kingdom of Heaven. How often we suffer our hearts to go astray and forget our heavenly Friend! We are bitter to those who injure or dislike us, being unable to forgive them. Meekness and patience go out of our heart, and we think we have a right to complain, that we do well to be angry, that we are very badly treated, and that God has gone away from us. It is not so. We have gone away from him, and need to be once more converted, once more to become like little children.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNITARIANISM.

A SERVICE USED AT THE ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF HENRY H. BROWN, PETERSHAM, MASS.

Pastor.—Brethren, for what purpose are we met together?

People.—To pledge ourselves unto the Lord, now, in the presence of His people.

Pastor.—In what spirit shall we do this?

People.—In love, out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned.

Pastor.—Shall we pledge ourselves to walk by the Spirit, that we may bring forth the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness and self-control?

People.—Be Thou our strength, O God.

Pastor.—Shall we pledge ourselves to the service of Truth that maketh free, to Love that fulfilleth the Law, that we may here be a guide to the erring, a strength to the tempted, a light to those in darkness?

People.—A new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.

Pastor.—Shall we pledge ourselves to the Gospel of Universal Brotherhood, to the bearing of one another's burdens, to the memory of dear ones, of patriot and prophet souls of all ages, and to the memory of him who died upon the cross?

People.—To the sanctity of home ties,

to the honoring of our country, to an ever growing Christianity, and to the cause of Universal Religion, we pledge ourselves anew.

Pastor.—Then I, for my part, shall be ready always to put you in remembrance of these things. For I am a steward of the mysteries of God, and it is required of a steward that a man be found faithful. Yet neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.

People.—And we, on our part, would remember to be doers of the word and not hearers only. Withal, praying for you, that God may open unto you a door of utterance, through his inspiration.

Together.—So may God sanctify us to one another, and to His work, through the power of the Divine spirit. Amen.

PUBLISHED STATEMENT OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

We have no fixed creed in this congregation, but we accept the teaching of Jesus as our guide in the study and practice of religion; and our bond of fellowship is the desire to unite for the worship of God, and the service of man.

Some of the principles of Unitarianism may be briefly stated as follows:

We believe in one God, the Universal Father, who is above all things, and in all things, and whose righteousness, wisdom and love rule the worlds.

We believe that the Fatherhood of God implies the Brotherhood of man, and that we show our love for God by helping to uplift and bless his children.

We believe that by nature we are God's children, made in his image, divinely inspired and endowed; that our life is God's life; that therefore we are immortal, and capable of unlimited possibilities in character here, and of infinite progress hereafter.

We believe that to obey the voice of reason and conscience in the soul is our highest duty, and that the office of religion is to help and inspire us in this obedience; that no one can do wrong and not suffer harm; but that no real harm can befall the righteous, in life or death.

We believe in the religion of cheerfulness and peace, truthfulness and integrity, generosity and purity; and we welcome all who wish to join with us in establishing the cause of rational Christianity in this city.

STATEMENT OF MR. KNAPP.

Rev. Arthur May Knapp, who is a missionary to the Empire of Japan under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, epitomizes Unitarianism thus:—"An individuality like that of Christ, a devotion like his to the loving service of man, a union like his to the very life of God—this is the whole of Unitarianism. It is the whole of Christianity. It is the whole of religion."

MR. MAY ON "CHURCH LOYALTY."

On the 4th of November, Rev. Joseph May, pastor of the first Unitarian church in this city (Philadelphia), delivered a discourse to his people on "Loyalty to the Church," which has just been published in pamphlet form. It is not, as the name would seem to indicate, a plea for the peculiar doctrines of Unitarianism, but rather for their practical exemplification in works of charity and love. Hence the author cites his text from Matthew VII, 21, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Perhaps the following paragraph from the sermon will indicate his object better than any words of mine:

"We demand the proofs of religion, not in easy assent to doctrine, but in life and character. We demand uprightness, we demand active service, we demand *love.* And therefore such works of love as helping the old women you gather about you weekly, teaching those little girls lessons in domestic art and order, opening your doors to that multitude of poor, ragged, untidy boys, that they may be warm, may taste a little of our own comfort, may be happy for an hour,—all this is *characteristic of our Church*—it is *of* our Church in the truest and strictest sense. *All this is an integral part of the ideal we are trying to realize.*"

But our friend does not entirely ignore doctrine, for without this, he could not have made so good a plea for the noble work in which he and his people are engaged. While he is in no sense a *Sectarian,* he yet believes that "God is our Father," and "Man our brother," which seems to us to be the real ground work of all true morality, for without these fundamentals, there can be neither theology, morality nor religion.

In speaking of Jesus he says: "His theology was as simple, as broad, as practical, as could well be conceived. 'God is our Father,' is about all there was of it. Add 'Man is our brother,' and you have com-

pendiously his religious system. The two great Commandments contain all of both."

All this is very true, and all consistent. Both Unitarians and Universalists will endorse our author's testimony. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," is the whole of it—"on these two Commandments hang *all* the law and the prophets."

But, there is a form of Christianity which leaves out all charity, which would consign very many of us to endless, unspeakable tortures for the mistakes of three score years and ten. With this theology Mr. May has no sympathy. His faith is in a *loving Father*, who in the fulness of time will bring all to himself; and hence it is that he is encouraged to labor in faith and hope to bring about that desirable consummation.

Our author makes a noble plea for works of charity and love, which he contends are the legitimate fruits of the liberal church, and in which our people should take the lead.

The circulation of such sermons does good in any locality, or among any people, and we thank our friend for publishing this one of his. Although his name is on a Unitarian church book and mine on a Universalist, I believe we are very nearly *one* in faith, hope and charity.

JAMES SHRIGLEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PROF. LEGGE ON CONFUCIANISM.

It has long been a disputed question whether or not the Confucianism of China may properly be called monotheistic. Prof. James Legge, than whom there is no higher authority, in a lecture recently delivered in London (reported in the *Inquirer*), answers the question in the affirmative. He says that the religion of China consists in worship of the Supreme Being, and in sacrificial services rendered to the spirits of the dead. But the sacrifices offered to the departed are offered in grateful recognition of the benefits rendered by them to their fellow men when living. This kind of homage does not interfere with the Monotheism of the Chinese, says Prof. Legge; it is only the homage of gratitude. From God, they believe, descend all their material blessings. They generally refer to God, however, as "Heaven," precisely as Englishmen do in the phrase, "please Heaven,"—a practice which has given many writers the erroneous impression that they do not believe in God.

Prof. Legge thinks it may be safely affirmed that the religion of China as it was taught by Confucius was a monotheism, based upon the belief in one Supreme Being, "by whom are all things and through whom are all things." Afterward religion became a State affair, mostly conducted by the Emperor, and outwardly recognized by him only on a few occasions, as at the Summer Solstice, when public thanksgiving to God for all his mercies was given. China is the only great empire in which there never was a priesthood standing between God and man. The Emperors became the religious teachers, who acknowledged that they had the right to remain Emperors only for the good of the people, bodily and mentally.

Confucius believed the place of spirits to be Heaven, in the presence of God. The spirits were thought to dispense blessings for well-doing and calamities for evil-doing. Confucian literature nowhere says anything about a hell or a purgatory; but Confucius taught the general principle that "it shall be well with them that fear God, but it shall not be well with the wicked."

Prof. Legge thinks it a misfortune that other systems have sown their tares in the teachings of Confucius; for thus the religion taught by him has been rendered less productive of good than it otherwise would have been.

RELIGION AT HARVARD LAST CENTURY.

The liberty accorded to Harvard students now in the matter of chapel and church attendance is in strange contrast with the rigid requirements of the olden time. The following are a few of the laws in force in the college in the year 1734. The capitals and spelling here given are as printed in the collection of those laws:

Section vi. All the Scholars shall at Sunset in the evening preceeding the Lord's Day, retire to their chambers, and not unnecessarily leave them; and all disorders on said evenings shall be punished as violations of the Sabbath are. And every Scholar, on the Lord's Day shall carefully apply himself to the Duties of Religion and Piety. And whosoever shall profane said Day by unnecessary Business or Visiting, walking on the Common or in the Streets or Fields in the town of Cambridge, or by any sort of Divertion before sunset shall be punished, etc., etc.

Section vii. Also whoever shall be guilty of loose or vain behavior, or of playing or sleeping at public Worship, shall be punished, etc., etc.

Section ix. Undergraduates shall in their course repeat at least the Heads of the forenoon and afternoon sermons on the Lord's Day evenings in the Hall, and such as are delinquent, shall be, etc., etc.

This gives us a hint of what Puritanic Sabbatarianism meant in the "good old times!"

MR. VAN NESS IN RUSSIA.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness, minister of the Unitarian church in Denver, spent last summer travelling in Russia. In reply to our request for some of his impressions and experiences for the readers of the *Unitarian*, he sends us the following very interesting article, (furnished also to the Denver *Republican*), which aims to correct certain wrong impressions regarding Russia prevalent in this country. We hope to follow this with other articles from Mr. Van Ness upon his Russian experiences.

Wrong Ideas About Russia.

Before I visited Russia I supposed it a terrible place, the Czar a sort of monster in human shape, and his officers no better. I fancied, too, that one would have to be exceedingly careful as to what he said, that policemen were everywhere, and that nearly every indiscreet act led to Siberia.

Let us confess, is not this the opinion generally held?

But what are the facts?

No country in Europe is easier to travel in than Russia if you have some acquaintance with the language, or with French and German. People are uniformly polite, the customs examinations are the easiest we passed in Europe. Our passports were scarely looked at, and so far as the description of our personal appearance is concerned, I might have traveled on the passport of an old man, and no officer of the government would have been any wiser. Then, too, I had read and been told that police officers and soldiers were everywhere; while the fact is that not one-half as many can be seen on the streets of St. Petersburg as one can see any day in Berlin or Vienna. It was also said that one must not take notes on the street or be seen writing, as it would at once awaken suspicion and might lead to arrest. Giving my own experience, I must say that I was never molested and I freely took notes in railway stations, in hotels and on the streets. I was seen writing in St. Petersburg, in Moscow, in Tzarscoselo and Tula; yes, even in that hotbed of rebellion, Warsaw, yet nothing happened to me, not the least experience to break the general tenor of the trip. Again, I had read that in going from one province to another local passports were needed. One evening I started from Moscow to Tula, a distance of about 200 miles, and from there went to Count Tolstoi's summer residence, yet, nowhere was any sort of a government officer met or any questions asked. Speaking to a correspondent of the London *Times* who travelled with us for a while, I said: "And how have you found it? Do you experience the least difficulty?" "Not the least," he replied. "To test the truth of these many stories told about Russia I purposely go around alone. I employ no guide. I know not one word of the language, and yet I have succeeded in gaining admission into every public building that I care to visit. Even the Winter Palace and the Museum of Carriages have not been closed against me. I have gone into all these places and the need of giving big fees or else experiencing the greatest difficulty is absurd. Come," he said, "Suppose we try it. Let us take in the Museum of Carriages. (Presumably most difficult to gain admission to). I wager that I shall not pay a cent, have no trouble and be treated with the greatest courtesy."

Anxious to see whether his statement was true, I jumped into a droshky with him, and in a few minutes we were jolting along rapidly over the rough cobble paved streets. Arriving at the building, a soldier stood guard at the door. Politely touching our hats, we made signs that we wished to enter. He pointed to the door. We tried it, found that it opened, and went up the grand staircase. The walls of the museum building are hung with priceless tapestries. Upstairs in the second story are placed the carriages of state. When an Emperor is crowned there is made expressly for him and the Empress a coronation carriage. This carriage figures in the procession of state, and it is usually of the most expensive make and ornamented more or less with jewels. After the coronation festivities are over the carriage is placed in this museum, of no

use to anyone, simply to be stared at by the curious tourist, or as an illustration of the pomp and vanity of each reign. Many of these carriages are indescribably splendid—some are gilt all over, others painted exquisitely. Those of Catherine II. and Elizabeth have the coats of arms and the steps incrusted with real diamonds and emeralds, and the interiors are as luxurious as it is possible to make them. Among other things, the coupe in which Emperor Alexander II. was riding when the bomb was hurled at him by a Nihilist is to be seen, probably the one object of the greatest interest to most visitors.

To return to ourselves, the *Times'* correspondent seeing an attendant walking up and down, spoke German to him, which language he happened to understand, and told him that we wanted to see the carriage of Alexander II. The attendant politely took us to it, and afterward showed us all through the building, among other things pointing out the curiously carved sleigh of Catherine, which she used at carnival seasons.

Now, just the day before, our guide had told us that this museum building was most difficult to enter, that it required a special permission and a ruble fee. Those tourists that he succeeded in getting in should feel themselves highly favored, and all that sort of thing. The truth was that the building was as easily entered as any government public building, only such precautions being taken as were deemed necessary in order to insure the safety of the gems and riches contained within.

I am more and more inclined to think that the average book about Russia is written after the fashion of Hare's "Russia," a book to be found in all American libraries and one which I considered an authority before I went over there. In its preface the author admits that he spent but a summer in the empire, and as I now read the book I find that it is superficially written, filled with quotations, and relates certain things which my experience has proven incorrect. The only really good thing outside of the voluminous work of Wallace is a small book just published by a Mr. Curtis, who spent last year in St. Petersburg as the correspondent of one of the Chicago papers and has since published his letters in book form. I mention this because the American travel to Russia is becoming greater and greater every year (even Denver having the past summer sent its quota of nine persons), and the need of reliable information is pressing. I repeat, then, if you want to travel in Russia and have a good supply of money (for travelling is expensive), don't entertain any fears of police or Nihilist, of poor hotels or of a vexatious amount of red tape. If you keep on the main lines travel is as pleasant and convenient as it is in the United States west of the Mississippi.

How about the censorship of the press? There is a censor of the press, or rather a good many of him, for the censor is a committee of gentlemen appointed to look over and inspect publications. Here is an extract from the instructions:

> "It is the censor's duty to prohibit and suppress all works written in a spirit hostile to the orthodox Greek Church, or containing anything that is contrary to the truths of the Christian religion or subversive of good manners or morality; all publications tending to assail the inviolability of autocratical monarchical power and the fundamental laws of the empire, or to diminish the respect due to the imperial family; all productions containing attacks on the honor or reputation of any one by improper expressions, by the publication of circumstances relating to domestic life or by calumny of any kind whatever."

In accordance with these instructions the censors inspect all printed matter which comes into the empire. As we know, many books are prohibited, and some foolishly, as we think. To the cultured and educated Russians this whole censorship business seems a terrible trial, nevertheless there is a way around it. It is not half so bad as it appears to be. Suppose you want a certain prohibited book. You apply for it at a book store. The dealer, with many bows and apologies, will tell you that he cannot sell the book to Monsieur, but if Monsieur will have the goodness to put his name and address on a certain blank form, with the words

"for purposes of study," the book will be procured. Of course you do this and in a short time the book is yours. The blank form which you have made out is sent to police headquarters and put on file. In this way the chief authorities know every copy of, say, Spencer's "Social Statics," or Mill's "Essays," knows where they are and who is reading them. If no bad use is made of them, well and good; if extracts from them are published in pamphlet form and distributed among the common people, it is not difficult to trace things back to the original holder of the book. In America any such slight regulation would be galling, but remember Russia is not America. Half-ripened, enthusiastic minds get hold of certain new political doctrines and carry them to an extreme. The Russian mind is inclined to extremes — to freaks — and united to this mental characteristic is a recklessness as to life which makes men plunge into any danger. Russia is as yet one country only in name; in reality it is made up of parts, of factions, of conquered provinces and warlike tribes. Poland, Circassia, Turkestan, these need to be ruled with a strong hand. Agitations must be kept down; hence iron laws must be made, even if they work injustice and hardship on the few. So reason the Russian statesmen.

At present the great end of the administrative system is to Russify the empire. The watchword of the new party is "One language, one church." To bring about unification foreign influence must be reduced to the minimum, hence the sort of Russian wall which is being erected about the empire in the shape of passport regulations and customs duties. "If the Germans want to remain in Russia and make money here they must learn our language and put their sons in the army." So said a certain Russian prince to me when talking on this subject. "We have given Poland every opportunity and still she is ungrateful, now we are going to make it thoroughly Russ," said he at another time, and indeed his words are true, for when we were in Warsaw we saw that the Russian alphabet had been introduced and all public names were written in that language. All the shops had their signs printed in both Russian and Polish and in the schools Russian is the language being taught just as it is the language of law and of the courts.

Were it not for this rigorous inspection, trouble would ensue continually. Russia has to act much as Rome did in ancient days with conquered provinces, and Warsaw to Russia is what Jerusalem was to Rome. Never will the independent spirit of the Poles be broken until their capital, like Jerusalem, is laid in ashes and, as a people, they wander over the whole earth.

In speaking to Miss Isabella Hapgood, a Boston lady now living in St. Petersburg who is translating Tolstoi's books into English, I put the question directly: "Do you have any trouble with the censor?" "Not a bit," she said. "My last *Century* came with Kennan's article on Siberia cut out, so yesterday I walked into the Censor's office and said that in future I should like my *Centurys* complete, and sure enough the one for this month, which I have just obtained, is all right. The Censor was exceeding polite about it too," added Miss Hapgood. This experience is that of others, as I have it from their own lips. They seem to get and read what they want very much like people in other countries.

I visited also the public library of St. Petersburg. As you know, it is one of the richest, if not the richest, library of Europe. It occupies an immense building on the fashionable Nevski Prospect, and is open to the public, like the great libraries of London, Paris and Boston. I was somewhat curious to see what books I could obtain on Russia. Introducing myself to one of the attendants, I said: "I am from America and should be pleased to look through the library, if you will allow me." "Certainly," he said, "if you will wait for a moment. I will send to you a guide, who speaks better English than I do." In about five minutes the gentleman in question arrived. During the course of our stroll through the rooms he told me that every librarian and all the assistants were expected to speak four languages — Rus-

sian, French, English and German. Many of the assistants could speak seven and eight languages. Foreigners were always treated with consideration and given the privileges of the library if they desired it. "Would I have a card?" I told him I should be pleased to have one, whereupon he took me to a certain clerk's desk in the main reading-room, where I gave my name, my father's and mother's names, (a custom always required), my occupation, and the hotel at which I was stopping. A card good for six months was then made out with a certain number and handed to me. I was told that with it I could get any book I wished for reading or for purposes of study. Turning to my guide, I said, "Will you let me see what books, written in English, you have on Russia and Russian history?" "With pleasure," he said. "We have in this library every book on Russia that has been published, no matter in what language it has been written. If you will follow me you shall see what we have." We passed into a large room containing book shelves on every side. Books on Russia in all the European languages were around me. Among others in English I saw Stepniak's. I picked one up and saw that it was a volume of his late work on the Russian peasantry. "And do you have Stepniak's books and others of like character?" "Certainly," he said, "everything about Russia, good, bad or indifferent, may be found here." "But surely you do not let everybody read such books. Are they not prohibited by the censorship?"

"Yes, they are prohibited, and rightly as I think. Stepniak is too—what do you call it in English?—pessimistic, that is it; too unfair, yet we must keep all these books; they are here for the purposes of study and under certain restrictions they can be obtained. Do you have no censorship in America?"

"No," I replied, "we have nothing of the sort."

"And do you let men write what they please against God and your President and against morality?"

I had to answer "Yes."

"And can everybody read such things, the young as well as the old, women as well as men?"

I again had to say "Yes," but I tried to explain that we attempted to place restrictions on immoral and indecent writings, not always with success.

"Ah," he sighed, "I fear your plan is not a good one. We are more careful in Russia."

You see from this that there are two ways of looking at this censorship business.

To return to the library. These books on Russia number about 50,000 and cover all dates from the invention of the art of printing down to the year 1888. There is a manuscript room containing 30,000 manuscripts, some of them very ancient and valuable. The gem of the library is the Sinaitic manuscript of the New Testament, found by Tischendorff in the monastery of Mount Sinai, and acknowledged to be the oldest and best in the world. It is now very seldom shown to visitors, being carefully preserved under a glass case. An exact fac simile can be seen, which it gave me much pleasure to study. The library at present contains over a million volumes and seems to be exceedingly popular. I took out for my own reading a book on Russian novelists, having an excellent life of Count Tolstoi, which I wished to read before I called upon him. As I sat in the big public reading room and looked around, I contrasted it with the same room of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, the public reading room of the British Museum and the room of the Boston Library. I have never seen any of those rooms crowded as this was with intelligent, studious readers. The only thing which I can compare to it is the big public room of the Cooper Institute on some winter night when it is crowded with men and boys of the working classes. These Russian faces are open and thoughtful. They give me the impression of strength. I expect something from them in the way of literature before the end of the century which shall do honor to the great country in which they live.

If this letter should succeed in doing

away or helping to do away with certain popular fallacious notions about Russia I shall be content. Surely it is time that educated Americans knew more of that great empire in Europe which has to face so many of the same problems we do, and of the people just now emerging into a national consciousness which promises much for the future.

THOMAS VAN NESS.

Denver.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are fortunate in being able to give our readers the beautiful and helpful sermon which we print from Dr. Clarke on "How to Make the Most out of the Coming Year." Of no one of our great leaders, gone, can it be more truthfully said, "He being dead yet speaketh."

From St. Louis comes an interesting illustration of the value of a Unitarian Club. A few years ago the benevolent people of that city, of all religious affiliations and of none, united together and established a home for aged and indigent couples. The Home has been doing a very useful work. But last winter the attention of Unitarians was called to the fact that the institution was being conducted in the interests of Evangelicalism; that is to say, that a regulation had been put in force to the effect that persons seeking admission must subscribe to a certain statement of doctrinal belief—such a statement as would keep out not only atheists, but Jews, and even many Unitarians. As the Home was established as distinctly unsectarian the Unitarian Club took the matter up. As the result of the club's investigations and protest the obnoxious condition has been rescinded, and the institution has been made once more really unsectarian.

As our readers will see from the announcement on another page, the prospect is at last good for the establishment of a permanent Unitarian church in Duluth, Minnesota. Through December, November and a part of October, our Minnesota pastors have been supplying the Duluth pulpit, and for five months after January 1st five of the best known of our younger pastors from the East are to speak a month each there.

It is believed that the present importance and future prospects of Duluth fully justify this special effort and concentration of Unitarian forces from the East and West upon it. From a village of thirty-five hundred people in 1880, it has grown to be a city of thirty-five thousand, and the next ten years will doubtless see even greater changes. It is of the utmost importance to our cause that a strong Unitarian church should be established in what is to be one of the great cities of the West.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness' very interesting article on Russia in this number of the *Unitarian* will be followed in our next by one still more interesting, entitled "A Morning with Count Tolstoi." Mr. Van Ness visited the great Russian in September last.

In the first annual Year Book of the new Oakland Unitarian church, the minister, Rev. C. W. Wendte, sets forth the meaning and purpose of the organization in the following unmistakable language (italics Mr. Wendte's):

"It was determined from the outset to attempt to gather, not a non-descript society but a *Church*, for worship, for study and practice in the good life, and for helpfulness to the general community; a *Christian* church,—using that word in its largest historical rather than creedal sense; and a *Unitarian* Christian church,—by which we mean the free, progressive, and liberal fellowship known by that name, which worships God in his simple and divine Unity, accepts his ever unfolding revelations of truth as the soul's supreme authority, ranks conduct above creed, and strives for the welfare of humanity as the leading interest of life.

"The sentiment which animates us is well set forth in the preamble to our Constitution:

"In the love of truth, and the spirit of Jesus Christ, we whose names are hereunto appended, unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

We would like to ask our readers if there is anything narrow about this church; if there is anything about it that is "dogmatic" or "creedal" in any

objectionable sense, or "limiting to freedom," or out of line with the best religious "progress" of the world. Rather is it not a church as broad as the broadest, as free as the freest, as progressive as the most progressive? But it is a *church*, not a mere "non-descript society." It neither makes the mistake of falling into dogmatism by laying down arbitrary, hard and fast definitions and statements of faith, to which all are required to subscribe, nor yet does it make the equally serious mistake of falling into mere ethicalism, by failing to declare for itself at the outset a distinctly religious purpose — a purpose which includes recognition of God, and worship, and religious service. It makes itself something large enough to include all that is good and true and free in Ethicalism, and also all that is true and uplifting and eternal in Christianity. Nor does it do this under a bushel, but is frank and honest enough to declare unmistakably to the world, from the first, what its high character and purpose are. Let other new societies follow its example.

One of the latest critics of "Robert Elsmere" is Robert Ingersoll, in a long article in the *Chicago Tribune*. He does not like the book much better than do the orthodox preachers. That Elsmere should have felt any regret at giving up the faith in which he had been reared seems to him incredible. He thinks that Elsmere ought to have leaped for joy at the thought that the foundations of Christianity seemed to be crumbling. He complains that the book is too conservative. "It is an effort to save something — a few shreds and patches and ravelings — from the wreck." It seems a small thing to him that Elsmere gives up miracles. He says the real question is not whether God works by miracles or by law, but whether there is a God at all. He is quite disgusted with Elsmere because he continues to believe in theism and a protecting Providence and the great superiority of Jesus. Why does he not come out into clear light and throw away the God superstition altogether? Thus, if Robert Elsmere accomplishes nothing else it at least helps us to understand a little more clearly the real aim and animus of Mr. Ingersoll. Many of us have persisted in the attempt to believe that what the great iconoclast wants is not really the destruction of religion but its reform. But this criticism of "Robert Elsmere" (and indeed many other things which Mr. Ingersoll has written of late years) makes it difficult to believe that he seeks anything short of the complete overthrow and annihilation of religion.

It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that the December number of the *Old Testament Student*, edited by Professor Harper, of Yale, contains a long and powerful article by Professor Toy, of the Harvard Divinity School, on "The New Testament as Interpreter of the Old," in which Professor Toy shows in the clearest way that the New Testament writers often quote the Old Testament incorrectly, and assign impossible meanings to passages from it. True, the article is to be followed by two others on the same subject, from Professor Stevens, of Yale, and Professor Hovey, of Newton Theological Institution (Baptist), and these will of course do what they can to heal the sad wound which Professor Toy has inflicted upon the doctrine of Bible infallibility; but it is much that a periodical conducted by orthodox scholars should invite a man like Professor Toy to discuss so dangerous and delicate a doctrine in its pages. It ought to be said in justice to Professor Harper that in the conduct of his very able and scholarly periodical he shows not a few gratifying signs of breadth.

It is interesting to read Dr. Francis E. Abbot's strong word against *Agnosticism* in the new number of Mr. James H. West's paper *The New Ideal*.

"This merely negative attitude of mind, this emptiness of all positive ideas respecting the supreme problems which man is set to solve, is indeed the present characteristic of liberalism, but only because liberalism is at the very beginning of its career. Agnosticism, in itself considered, is nothing but intellectual bewilderment, confusion of

thought, a merely temporary defeat and despair of human reason in the presence of questions which it has not yet learned how to answer."

Speaking of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward" Dr. Abbot says:

"The real lesson of the helpless and hopeless liberalism they too justly depict is deeper than any of the critics have as yet perceived. Briefly put, it is this: *men must either learn to think more profoundly, or else unlearn to feel.*"

But this abnegation of feeling is, he urges, "an impossible escape."

"In every noble nature, deep thought and high feeling have become a necessity; the only possible escape for such lies in deeper thought and higher feeling. Here is revealed the supreme duty of modern liberalism to press resolutely forward, away from agnosticism, to a positive, scientific, all-comprehensive theory of the universe. It is infinitely false that such a theory is unattainable. The agnosticism which professes to prove its unattainability is nothing but one of two things—either intellectual imbecility or intellectual cowardice. The one unpardonable sin of the intellect is to despair of itself. Liberalism has always stood for *freedom*—freedom from dogma and freedom from ecclesiastical control. Well and good: let it always stand for that! But now it must stand for *truth as well*, and for the power of human reason to attain the truth."

All this is admirable. We want more such writing.

Reports have appeared in the papers from time to time, for two years past, of terrible wrongs done to young women in the pineries of northern Wisconsin and Michigan. It has been hoped that the facts were not so bad as reported. Indeed a year ago the governor of Wisconsin, after a pretense of investigation, gave it out that all was being done that could be done to remedy the evils which after all were not so bad as they might be. But it turns out that the condition of things has been and still is shocking—quite as bad as reported, and that the officials of both Wisconsin and Michigan have done little to bring offenders to justice, but much to hush matters up. Indeed the most discouraging thing about the situation is that the owners of the vile dens where young women are worse than murdered are in league with the saloons, and they and the saloons together control the votes of almost the entire lumber regions where these dens exist, and thus have the courts and the offices of justice, and the machinery for the execution of even the defective laws that now exist, almost wholly in their own hands. The governors and legislatures of both the States named ought to take the matter up with an earnestness such as they have shown little sign of so far, and devise some measures for wiping out these awful stains upon the two commonwealths and our Christian civilization.

For more than a year past the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been at work getting information, and has published reports about the correctness of which there can be no question. The last that comes to us is the official report of Dr. Kate C. Bushnell, who was deputed as a special commissioner to investigate these lumber camp horrors. The report is published in full by the Wisconsin W. C. T. U. It is also given in part in *The Philanthropist*, of New York, for December.

A MISSIONARY FUND FOR "THE UNITARIAN."

The *Unitarian* is prone to think of itself as a very mild, peaceable and harmless publication; but every little while it is very unceremoniously startled out of its self-complacency by letters, written sometimes with a vigor that is decidedly interesting, from persons who do not like its dreadful heresies,—oftenest from orthodox persons to whom some liberal friend is sending it, but occasionally from wives whose husbands have subscribed for it and are discovered by their good evangelical companions to be reading it, to their peril. In several cases libraries to which it had been sent have refused it,—Y. M. C. A. libraries being particularly afraid of its poison. However, we are not greatly disturbed, since for everyone who rejects it twenty or a hundred give it hearty welcome; and in a few cases we have had the pleasure of seeing those who at first looked upon it with aversion and almost horror, become eager readers and warm friends, zealous to send it to

others. And so the good work goes on, and the compensations come.

Our greatest sorrow arises from the fact that we are able to fill only so small a part of the applications that come to us for free missionary copies, for libraries, hospitals, public institutions of various kinds, students, postoffice mission workers, individuals who are poor and unable to pay but who want the magazine, ministers and others in orthodox churches whose names are sent us by friends with the word, "Can't you send a copy of the *Unitarian* from your missionary fund? We know it would be the best kind of missionary work." Alas! we keep our "missionary fund" all the while sadly overdrawn, and yet are unable to supply half the applications of a worthy character that come to us.

What, then, can we do, only, while thanking those who have helped us in the past, to still say to friends, If you will help us still more we will do more of this good work? Who will send us one dollar, five dollars, ten dollars, for our missionary fund *this year?*

One gentleman in Chicago is already supplying us with means to send the *Unitarian* to 200 college students. Who will help up to send it to other students, or to some of the other classes named above?

And is there not some one who would like to lay the foundation of a Permanent Fund for these missionary uses, by the contribution of a larger sum — five hundred or a thousand dollars? Readers who have money, and who care for the propagation of this noble faith of ours, think of this matter. Is there any way you can do more good with some of your means this year than by devoting a sum, large or small, to this object?

WOMAN'S WORK.

Information concerning the religious, philanthropic and literary work of women, is solicited for this department. Address Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.

With sadness we chronicle the earthly tasks ended of two of our efficient and honored Unitarian workers, Miss Abby W. May, of Boston, and Mrs. B. F. Felix, of Chicago.

ABBY W. MAY.

Miss May long had a national reputation. A native of Boston, heir to the name and noble characteristics of one of Boston's old and honored families, brought up in the midst of the anti-slavery movement, it was to be expected that her life would show the result of such environment in great moral earnestness, and such was the case.

When the crisis of war between the North and South came she headed a movement to aid the soldiers, and became chairman of the women's branch of the Sanitary Commission, in which position she did efficient work.

In the years since the war she has been steadily and actively engaged in various philanthropic movements for which freedom from family cares and ample pecuniary means left her leisure. We find her name as president of the Horticultural School for Women; vice-president of the New England Women's Club; president of the Massachusetts School Suffrage Association; vice-president of the Association for the Advancement of Women; director in various other institutions; an ardent promoter of equal suffrage; one of the first women elected on the School Committee of Boston; later a member of the Board of Education, and the first president of the Women's Auxiliary (Unitarian) Conference, an office which she held for six years. The earliest circulars sent out by the Auxiliary Conference and bearing her signature breathe the earnest spirit of religious consecration which characterized her life.

Such a list of offices with some women would mean only an insatiable thirst for office, and self-seeking activity in obtaining it. With Miss May the offices sought the woman; they, not she, were honored by the choice. And office with her meant, not empty honor given or received, but faithful work. To this work she brought large power of sympathy, great strength of will and earnestness of soul, deference for the feelings of others, warm religious sentiment, and perfect sincerity, conscientiousness, and loyalty to duty. All these found expression in her marked personality. Tall and stately in person, features not handsome but pleasing, a voice full and clear, a powerful intellect, clear judgment, abundant wit, accurate memory, practical sagacity, stern integrity, great generosity, such were the physical and intellectual lineaments of this daughter of the Puritans.

MRS. B. F. FELIX.

Mrs. Felix was known chiefly in her own home and city. In these she had long been felt as a beneficent power. She had been for many years not only a very efficient worker and generous giver in Unity church, but a strong helper in nearly every Unitarian activity of Chicago. Nor were her interest and generosity bounded by sect lines. No charity or philanthropy appealed to her in vain. Her heart was large, her friendship was warm, her home was hospitable.

A lady who had been for a few days a guest in Mrs. Felix's beautiful home—beautiful with the beauty of domestic love and the spirit of sweet winsome kindliness, said to the writer very recently, "I am so anxious that my daughter, standing now just on the threshold of life, should know Mrs. Felix and see her in her own home! I feel that it would be an ideal and inspiration to her for life." In Chicago many poor girls and women found the inspiration of this sweet womanly woman crossing their paths, coming into their homes, touching their lives, and always for good. These will join the large circle of personal friends in mourning for a beautiful life closed in its prime.

Both these women belong in George Eliot's

"Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self."

WOMAN'S WORK IN BOSTON.

The Suffolk branches of the Women's Auxiliary Conference have held two monthly union meetings since the summer vacation. The first one held in October at the South Congregational Church, was addressed by Mr. S. A. Eliot, of Cambridge, upon the present condition, the prospects and the needs of the Unitarian Church at Seattle, W. T. One interesting fact is the existence of a branch of the W. A. C. in this young and earnest society. Short addresses were also made by the Rev. Edward Hale, Mrs. S. E. Hooper, Rev. Mr. Odgers, of England, Miss Elizabeth Channing and Mrs. J. W. Andrews.

The November meeting was held in the Church of the Unity, and Miss Gordon, of Sioux City, Iowa, gave a very interesting account of the work in that city and neighborhood, of Miss Safford and herself, and of the need of laborers around them. Short addresses were also made by Mrs. C. A. Allen, of New Orleans, Miss Helen G. Putnam, recently from the Meadville school, who is about entering the Western field, Mrs. Geo. Thatcher, who has recently spent some time in Colorado, Rev. Mr. Savage and Mrs. J. W. Andrews.

Two monthly business meetings have also been held, at which the reports from the branches show that all are earnestly at work and hope to accomplish much good both among themselves by their study classes, and abroad by their P. O. Mission work and by raising money for new churches needing help in their first days of weakness.

On the day of the last business meeting all hearts were saddened by the death of Miss Abby W. May — the efficient and much loved first president of the Women's Auxiliary Conference — and the meeting adjourned that the members might attend the funeral exercises in the Church of the Disciples, of which she had been a member for many years. G. M., Sec.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE.

The New York League of Unitarian Women held its second meeting for the season of 1888-9 in the Second Church, Brooklyn, Dec. 7th; 326 ladies present. Subject: "Woman's Relation to the Church," considered under the heads: 1. What is our individual responsibility? 2. How can we best promote sociability in the church? 3. How overcome self-consciousness and our fear of each other? 4. The expressing of our thought one of the greatest factors in mental and spiritual improvement. 5. Does denominational growth need from us a freer expression of our religious life?

The president announced the death of Miss Abby May, of Boston, and a resolution embodying our regret and respect was read and adopted.

After the opening business and report of the Religious News Committee a report from the Philanthropic News Committee was presented upon two Homes for Aged Women and Girls.

The first was that of "Broadbands House" at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. This was founded and is maintained by Mrs. Harvey, a Christian gentlewoman whose heart is as large as her purse. In this home old ladies are received and sheltered and made happy. The work of the house is performed by girls who are taken to be trained for domestic work. Each department is under its training-matron, and each girl is perfected in each branch of household service.

At first the Committee supposed nothing like this Home existed on this side of the Atlantic; but later they found and visited a similar establishment in New York city — the Home for the Aged connected with the Episcopal church of the Holy Communion. The report gave a touching account of the visit there. The aged ladies were in one house, cared for with loving devotion by the "Sisters" who occupied the adjoining house. These had also in their care young girls to be trained for household service through the work necessary for the care of these houses.

Mrs. Catherine Paine Sutton read the paper upon the subject of the day. She said the church stands in the midst of all that is transient and unsatisfying for the eternal verities. Therefore it deserves our devotion. Because of our peculiar religious endowment we are largely responsible that it fulfil its mission. We are fed by the spirit through outside influences, but assimilate them only through the power of life which the church has stimulated. Acts and words should be expressions of our inward spirit, always at the service of God and man. If we have nothing else to offer God, bring him our failures. We must not neglect the duties of this life for an ascetic piety. Working outside of home enlarges one's power to be a true home-mother there. To cure self-consciousness we should go out

from ourselves and lose it in the consciousness of service to others. We must remember always that we are spirits—partakers of the infinite, and according to all the possibilities of our nature, exemplify our divine powers.

The discussion that followed touched upon all these points, suggesting that the true measure of a church is the height of character its members attain; that it should be a religious home, hospitable to all, without caste. And our president suggested that persons in pews adjacent to those of strangers, should feel the responsibility of welcoming such.

Earnest pleas were made that we rid ourselves of the self-consciousness which many confessed hindered the expression of our best thoughts and therefore impeded our own and others' progress. We were told how earnestness would give self-reliance. One speaker declared that thoughts spoil by not being aired; that we should give the best of ourselves and then be content and not try to piece ourselves out by our surroundings.

We were urged to teach our children in Sunday-school to express their thoughts and feelings.

The fitness of women for ministers was touched upon, and their work commended.

The hour for our closing prayer and hymn left many words ready for utterance, unsaid. H. E. D., Cor. Sec.

LITERARY NOTES.

S. C. Griggs & Co. have just issued a new edition of Prof. Alexander Winchell's "Pre-Adamites." This is a learned and irrefutable demonstration that men lived on the earth before any possible Adam such as is portrayed in the Genesis story.

Lee & Shepard published a "Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book." The selections from Mrs. Howe's writings are made by her daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards.

George H. Ellis has just published two books that will much interest our readers, viz.: "Jesus and the Men about Him," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, and "The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and other Essays," by Frances Power Cobbe.

The December number (No. 39) of the Riverside Literature Series (published monthly at 15 cents a number by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) contains four carefully annotated papers by James Russell Lowell, "Books and Libraries," "Emerson, the Lecturer," "Keats," and "Don Quixote."

The Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society has just issued a series of cards, 12 in number, for younger classes, each card containing, besides a brief selection of printed matter, a portrait of one of our well-known Unitarian leaders. Channing, Parker, Emerson, Martineau, Dewey, Ware, Bellows, Gannett, Eliot, Clarke, Conant and Codding are represented in the portraits.

Rev. Heber Newton, D. D., of New York, has begun the publication of a church paper, called *All Souls' Monthly*, each number of which will contain one of his sermons.

Unity of Dec. 8 has a noble article on "John Brown," by W. C. Gannett, commemorating the twenty-ninth anniversary of the old hero's death.

We are glad to see that an effort is being made, with probability of success, to secure a cheap edition of Edward Clodd's "Jesus of Nazareth." The book seems to us the best brief, popular presentation we have of the growth of the Hebrew religion through the history of Israel, and the life and teaching of Israel's greatest prophet. Its style is singularly attractive, it is based upon the most approved scholarship, its spirit is reverent, and its appreciation of Jesus and the moral grandeur of his work is all that can be desired.

We are able to promise our readers for the next number of the *Unitarian* an article of unusual interest from President Livermore, of Meadville, entitled "Twenty-five Years in a Theological School."

The many American friends of Mrs. Ormiston Chant will be glad to read the poem from her pen in this number of the *Unitarian*, and to learn that it is to be followed by two others in our February and March numbers.

On the evening of November 30th, Mrs. Chant gave a lecture on "Three Months in America," in Kensington Town Hall, Kensington (London), Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter presiding. The first half of the lecture was devoted to descriptions of and reflections upon America, natural and political, and the second half to America, social and philanthropic, with personal reminiscences. In the interval between the two parts Mrs. Chant sung her rendering of Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark"; and the evening closed with "The Star-spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer: An Estimate of his Character and Genius in Prose and Verse, by A. Bronson Alcott, is a reprint of a work that originally appeared some years ago, and met with considerable favor as a book about Emerson by one who knew him best, and who had enjoyed for years his fullest confidence. It reappears in a handsomely printed volume, with portraits of Emerson and Alcott, and pictures of Emerson's house at Concord, Emerson's Summer House, the Summer School of Philosophy, Mr. Alcott's Study, and the Bridge of Concord. The book also contains Alcott's "Ion, a Monody," and Sanborn's "Ode to Emerson."—Published by Cupples & Hurd.

History of Greek Philosophy. By B. C. Burt, M. A. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 296. This is an excellent account of the development of the Philosophy of Greece from its beginnings in Thales to its culmination in Plato and Aristotle, and then of its after glows in Stoicism and Epicurianism, its decline, and finally its end in Neó-Platonism. The story is a marvellous one for him who can see the deep meaning of it. The author has done his work at once thoroughly and attractively. The connections of philosophical thought are well traced, so that one is made to see clearly the relation of system with system and of each philosopher with those before and after him. Enough of the biographical element is included in the book to give it human interest. The style is clear, concise, often graphic.

The Reviews and Magazines.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month.

The Forum (December).

Count Tolstoi's Religious Views. By Archdeacon F. W. Farrar.

A Simpler Southern Question. By George W. Cable.

Prison Labor Competition. By Z. R. Brockway.

To Marry or Not to Marry. By Junius Henri Browne.

Atlantic Monthly (January).

The Tragic Muse. By Henry James.

Washington's Great Campaign of 1776. By John Fiske.

Palm Sunday in Puebla de los Angeles. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Athletic Problem in Education. By N. S. Shaler.

Lend a Hand (December).

Schools in Summer. By Mrs. Bernard Whitman.

Wages in Time and Wages in Money.

Annual Report of Associated Charities. By W. P. Fowler.

North American Review (December).

The "Fast Set" at Harvard. By One of Them.

Why I am a Spiritualist. By A. E. Newton.

Lord Beaconsfield and the Irish. By Hon. Edwards Pierrepont.

The Sanitarian (November).

Hygiene of Infancy and Childhood. By T. B. Greenly, M. D.

American Climatological Association Proceedings.

Unitarian Review (December).

Early Christian Doctrine. By J. H. Allen.

Francis W. Newman's Miscellanies. By John W. Chadwick.

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Herbert Spencer. By Wm. M. Bryant.

Training School for Ministers in the Northwest. By Joseph H. Crooker.

Andover Review (December).

Classic and Semitic Ethics. By Andrew P. Peabody.

Contemporary Jewish Fiction. By Bernhard Berenson.

Marriage and Divorce in the United States. By Walter S. Collins.

The Century (December).

From Sinai to Shechem. By Edward L. Wilson.

London. By James Herbert Morse.

Lincoln: First Plans for Emancipation. By J. G. Nicolay, John Hay.

Old Testament Student (December).

The New Testament as Interpreter of the Old Testament. By Crawford H. Toy.

Weber on the Eschatology of the Talmud. By George B. Stevens.

Scribner's Magazine (December).

Winter in the Adirondacks. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A Christmas Sermon. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Poetry, Comedy and Duty. By C. C. Everett, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.50.

Works of Thomas Hill Green. Edited by R. L. Nettleship. 3 vols. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Conference of Charities and Correction. Buffalo, 1888. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

Eating for Strength; or Food and Work. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Sermons for Our Day. (Nov. and Dec.) By John Page Hopps. London: John Heywood.

President's Report to the Board of Regents (for 1888). Ann Arbor: The University.

The Restoration of the Criminal: A Sermon. By Frederick H. Wines. Springfield, Ill: H. W. Rokker.

The Court of King Christmas. By L. A. Higgins. New York: Harrold Roorbach. Price 25 cents.

The Gypsies' Festival. By N. Earle. New York: Harold Roorbach. Price, 25 cents.

"It is better to weave in the web of life
A bright and glorious filling;
To do our work with a patient heart,
And hands that are kind and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame God for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

We wish to represent every Unitarian church in the country in these columns, and will if our friends will help us.

Ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and church workers everywhere, please send us word—brief, concise—of the important things you do.

Don't wait for an accumulation of items, but as soon as one of interest occurs, send immediately on a postal card. All items should reach us by the eighteenth of the month.

Among the many appropriations of the American Unitarian Association to carry on the good work in the West, are $600 to help the society in Duluth, Minn. to get on its feet, and $400 to the new movement in Winona, Minn.

This certifies that the Rev. Herbert Whitney, of Middleville, N. Y., late of the Universalist denomination, having applied for recognition as a Unitarian minister, and having exhibited satisfactory proofs of his good personal character and ministerial standing, is hereby welcomed to the Unitarian fellowship and commended to the confidence of our churches and of the public.

Done the 8th of November, 1888.

CHARLES G. AMES,
THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.
Committee of Fellowship for Middle States.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Mr. Sunderland has just closed a series of Sunday evening lectures upon the Legends of Genesis. His congregations have been very large.

—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Henrietta T. Woolcott, have spoken in Ann Arbor lately. Mrs. Livermore lectured in the Students' Lecture Course of the University, on "A Dream of the Future." Mrs. Howe spoke in the Unitarian Church Sunday morning and evening, on "Religious Culture" and "The Ignorant Classes." Mrs. Woolcott spoke in the Unitarian Church on "Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

Athol, Mass.—The 12th Annual Fair of the Second Unitarian Society was held on the 11th and 12th of Dec. The opening day was stormy, but the net receipts, spite of wind and weather, were over $450.

Belmont, Mass.—The Ladies' Sale and Children's Entertainment netted about 350 dollars for the building fund of the proposed new church; estimates for the work of which are now being made.

—The pastor of our church at Belmont also takes charge of the young and vigorous society which holds its services in Waverly Hall on Sunday afternoons. This society, not large in numbers, but composed of wealthy people, pays its own way without aid from the local conference or the A. U. A.

Boston and Vicinity.—Our greatest news in Boston is that Rev. Charles G. Ames has accepted the call of the Church of the Disciples, and will enter upon his charge at the beginning of the new year. We feel that Dr. James Freeman Clarke's work is safe in his hands.

—The annual meeting of the Suffolk Conference was held at the New South Church (Rev. G. H. Young's) Wednesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 5. In the afternoon about 180 delegates were present, in the evening near 300, representing almost all our Boston churches. After the annual report of the work done in lectures, meetings, etc., in the city, came the Treasurer's report. The funds for the work, some $600 a year, are raised by the churches in the conference undertaking to pay each some definite proportion—from one cent to ten cents on the dollar, of whatever may be required. This plan has been found to work admirably. The subject for conference at the afternoon session was "A Collegiate Church"—when the weaknesses of the one-man ministry in our city churches was ably pointed out by Dr. Hale, Rev. J. Tunis, and Rev. S. J. Barrows. In the evening the subject announced was "Men in our Churches," which had been intended by the managers of the conference as opening the question: How to interest the men in our churches in the practical Christian work. By the speakers, however, it was understood as a question of how to get more men to attend church. On this, however, interesting addresses were given by Rev. E. A. Horton, Mr. Archibald M. Howe, and Rev. Dr. J. F. Moors. Rev. M. J. Savage being called upon, said that he did not think that women really thought more about religion than men did, and there were differences of occupation which largely accounted for whatever discrepancy there might be between the proportion of women and men in churches.

—The Globe Theatre meetings have been a great success. They were not designed this year to draw in the "great unchurched," but to interest thoughtful people. Each evening—except the second, when a fierce storm of rain and snow made the streets almost impassable—there have been audiences of 1,500 to 1,800, and audiences more than half, certainly, outsiders. The young Unitarians of the "Channing Club" have worked hard at all the arrangements and done the ushering admirably.

—The new Unitarian Society at Wollaston, just outside the city, has called Rev. W. S. Key, formerly of old Boston, in England, and he has accepted, his installation taking place Dec. 19.

—It is a great satisfaction to us, here, that the man chosen to lead the citizens' revolt against the Irish ring, who have so long held the municipal government, was Thomas N. Hart, a well-known Unitarian, and treasurer of the American Unitarian Association. At the Unitarian Club Wednesday, Dec. 12, the day after his election, he was very warmly greeted, the whole audience rising when he was called upon.

—The new Unitarian Society—the "Church

of the Good Samaritan"—started by our Back Bay churches in the hall on Huntington Ave., and specially under the care of Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, goes steadily on. Mr. Brooke's young people have furnished the choir heretofore. For January Mr. Horton's young people wish to do the same. Many people in the neighborhood hang back, waiting to see if the new church is to be a success; but an encouraging number have already given in their names to belong to it.

—Rev. Chas. B. Elder, with the aid of certain ladies, has organized a sewing school for poor children, which meets every Saturday afternoon in a room connected with the church. It numbers fifty children and a dozen teachers, and has already done much good work.

The Channing Workers, a temperance society belonging to the church, have started a new line of work for such an organization. They have established a social and educational club for girls and young women who have few home and social advantages, and are meeting with much success. Already seventeen girls have joined, and are becoming greatly interested in study, and are finding the pleasant rooms on the corner of Third and L Sts. a delightful place to visit.

Chelsea, Mass.—The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the First Unitarian church was fitly celebrated Thursday evening, Dec. 6th, by an elegant supper in the vestry. Early in the fall, the minister, Rev. A. W. Martin, proposed to commemorate this event, and pay off a floating debt of $4,500 by a supper, at which the plates should be sold from five dollars upwards. The scheme succeeded, and Thursday evening it was announced that this portion of the debt was entirely cancelled. The vestries were handsomely decorated; the tables were set for 250 and an excellent repast was furnished. When all had partaken, Mr. George A. Dexter, chairman of the standing committee, called the meeting to order and gracefully introduced the first speaker, Hon. Geo. S. Hale. He was followed by Mr. Abbott Bassett, who gave an interesting historical sketch of the formation and growth of the society. Rev. Samuel Longfellow spoke of the growth of Unitarianism in the last fifty years, and of the changes which have taken place among thinking people in the estimate of Jesus' character and of the Bible and its inspiration. The other speakers were Mr. George Wigglesworth, vice-president of the Channing club, Rev. Mr. Martin, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, Rev. John B. Green, and Rev. M. J. Savage who urged upon the people the importance of helping and encouraging the minister by constant attendance at church and assistance in the parish work. The services closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne." Interspersed among the exercises was very excellent music by the Hawthorne Quartette. The celebration was most successful,and reflected great credit upon those who had it in charge.

Chicago.—It is long since the Unitarian circles in Chicago have been broken by a death more felt than that of Mrs. B. F. Felix, of Unity church, which occurred late in November. Mrs. Felix was a very efficient worker and generous giver not only for her own church but for every denominational object, and indeed for many good causes outside of both church and denomination. Her home was always a most hospitable one. Her wealth, which was considerable, had always been used for the best ends; she was a true friend and noble woman.

—At All Souls' Church the pastor has been giving a series of talks to school children on War Reminiscences. On Thanksgiving day a dinner was given at the church to persons living in boarding houses, without homes of their own. A "Book Social" has been held at the church, each person in attendance bringing a book for the parish library.

—A dramatic entertainment (Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer") was given in the parlors of the Church of the Messiah, Dec. 10, 11 and 12, with crowded rooms, everybody delighted, and a fine sum realized for the Charity Fund. A week later the usual Christmas sale took place.

—Those Unitarians of the city who are in sympathy with the Western Conference have organized a club, called the "Unitarian Club," with Mr. D. L. Shorey, the president of the Conference, as its president, and pledged in its Constitution to co-operation with the Conference, which of course closes its doors beforehand against a large part of the Unitarians of the city. The first meeting of the new Club was held at the house of Mr. John Wilkinson.

—A remarkably fine course of lectures on Goethe has just been given at the Madison street theatre, under the auspices of the Kindergarten club. The lectures, ten in number, were by D. J. Snider, of Chicago, Dr. W. T. Harris, of Concord, Mass., Prof. Calvin Thomas, of Michigan University, Prof. Thomas Davidson, of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. C. K. Sherman, of Chicago.

—Prof. Davidson has been delivering a series of noon lectures in Hooley's theatre on Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Dante and Savanarola.

—At the Art Institute there is on exhibition a loan collection, said to be the best in the country, of the paintings of the old Dutch masters.

—Chicago has been having a distinguished visitor — Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor.

—The Woman's club and the Woman's Alliance of the city are both moving to get the compulsory education law of the state enforced, and also to get the law improved.

—On January 24th Mr. W. Alexander John-

son, secretary of the Chicago Charity Organization society, will begin a course of eight lectures on "Sociology in the Department of Charity and Corrections," before the "Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion."

Cincinnati.—Rev. Judson Fisher, of Alton, Ill., is to preach for the new Unity society for three months.

Detroit, Mich.—The Unitarian society has bought a lot for its new church, on the corner of Woodward Ave. and Edmund Place.

Denver, Col.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness has been giving Sunday evening lectures upon the following topics:

1. The Russia of To-day.
2. Russian Character as shown in Russian Novels.
3. The Russian Church.
4. The Religion of Jesus according to Count Tolstoi.
5. A Morning with Count Tolstoi.

Duluth, Minn.—Regular services were resumed in Duluth on Sunday, October 28, and arrangements perfected for the uninterrupted supply of the pulpit for at least eight months. Previously to the first of January evening services were held by the Minnesota ministers, Messrs. Simmons, Crothers, Staples and Greenman. After this time Messrs. Jaynes, Nichols, Lawrance, Bulkeley and St. John, will give a month each to the Duluth work.

Ithaca, N. Y.—A course of evening sermons is being delivered in the Unitarian church by the pastor on "Christian Doctrines Considered in their Relation to Life," the topics thus far having been: The Practical Value of Belief; The Belief in God; The Trinitarian Conception of God; The Divinity of Jesus. This course will be continued throughout the winter.

—A Unity Club has been organized and a wide interest has been manifested. For the first meeting Mr. E. E. Hale, jr., presented an outline of "Robert Elsmere," with summary and criticism, which was followed by discussion. At the next meeting Mrs. J. E. Oliver read a paper on the "Criticism of Robert Elsmere," and Mr. G. B. Penny on "The Character of Rose in Robert Elsmere." Other topics of interest and profit will follow. The club meets fortnightly.

—A study class in Comparative Religion meets weekly at the Pastor's house to study the Indian, Persian and Chinese religions. It begins with a membership of a dozen men and women, who are also students in the University.

—The Pastor's Sunday class, consisting mainly of students, has been following Dr. Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief."

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Died, November 1888, at Pasadena, California, Annette Olivia Smith Polley, wife of John W. Polley, formerly of Chicago, and daughter of the late B. F. Smith, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Lansing, Mich.—Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland preached here in the Universalist Church on Dec. 2nd. The society is composed of Universalists and Unitarians, and is prospering under the leadership of Rev. J. H. Palmer.

Manistee, Mich.—A correspondent writes: Our church here is prospering under the charge of our new pastor, Rev. A. W. Gould, who is a man of culture, of advanced opinions and of a most reverential spirit. The outlook is very flattering. Our Sunday-school is doing finely. The ladies have just given a fair, the net proceeds from which exceeded $400. We find a leader in Mrs. Gould, who is going to be a great accession, not only to the church, but to our town.

—Mr. Walkley, the former minister, has decided to enter the legal profession, and has been admitted to the bar, and opened a law office here. He expects to continue to preach more or less in liberal pulpits in the vicinity.

Meadville, Pa.—President Livermore, of the Theological School, writes: "We have thirty-five students, a noble Spartan band, that will be pretty sure to make themselves heard by and by."

Newburyport, Mass.—On December 9th, Rev. S. C. Beane, pastor of the Unitarian church, preached a sermon in commemoration of Rev. John Andrews, D. D., who was ordained pastor of the church here exactly one hundred years before. The Newburyport and Newbury churches, the East church in Salem, King's Chapel in Boston, and the church in Hingham, were the first in New England to grow away from orthodoxy—having all by the year 1788 become distinctly Arminian. Later they passed on from that gradually to Unitarianism. Rev. John Andrews was not only an able man but one of the pioneers of Liberal religious thought in this country. Mr. Beane says of him: "Mr. Andrews' sermons were more progressive than anything which is taught at Andover to-day."

Oakland, Cal.—The Woman's Auxiliary of this church has during the past twelve months raised nearly two thousand dollars for the new church project, besides smaller sums for other causes. A few weeks ago they gave a Dickens festival at which 300 persons assumed characters from the great novelist, and scenes were acted and shown by tableaux illustrating twelve of his books. The audience was very great, and all passed off delightfully.

Omaha, Neb.—Rev. W. E. Copeland has accepted a call from the Unitarian church, Tacoma, W. T. He has been long in Omaha, and longer still in Nebraska, and

will be remembered as one of the most earnest, able and devoted of our pioneer ministers.

Sacramento, Cal.—The church here has purchased and paid for a $2,000 lot and has some pledges secured toward a new church.

Saint Louis.—The Unitarian Club has chosen the following subjects for discussion at its monthly meetings this winter: The Minister's Profession from a Lawyer's Standpoint; Our Missionary Work; What Shall Unitarians do with the Young People? The Leaven and the Dough; Religion in Business; Unitarians in Literature; Social and Religious Clubs and their Relation to the Activities of Modern Life.

Spokane Falls, W. T.—The new church is a handsome brick and stone structure costing $5,000, of which $1,500 was loaned by the Unitarian Church Building Loan Fund.

Springfield, Mass.—At the annual parish meeting a number of persons were made members of the society. The treasurer's report showed the receipts and expenditures for the past year to have been $9,535 and $9,367 respectively, leaving a balance of $168. Amendments to the constitution were passed whereby the annual parish meeting shall be held in December of each year, and a new standing committee of nine, instead of five, shall be chosen, which will be divided into three groups to be chosen for terms of one, two and three years respectively, thus causing the election of a new group each year. It was also voted to codify and print the by-laws of the society.

Tacoma, W. T.—The Unitarian Society is rejoicing in having secured Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Omaha, Neb., as its pastor. Mr. Copeland is already on the ground. Tacoma seems likely to become a large city. The prospects before the Unitarian church are excellent. A literary club has been organized called the James Freeman Clarke Society.

Toledo.—The Unitarian Church here has just started a Free Kindergarten, with funds enough already secured to carry it on for a year. It is the first experiment of the kind in the city and there is a wide-spread interest in it.

Toronto, Ont.—The Unitarian society has been putting repairs upon the interior of its church at a cost of $1000, all of which has been paid and the society is free from debt. The free pew system has been adopted with excellent results. The literary programme of the Young People's Association for 1888-9 is as follows:

Oct. 31.—Paper by Mr. A. Stephenson.
Nov. 14.—Mock Parliament. Bill: Woman's Suffrage.
Nov. 28.—A Paper on Evolution.
Dec. 12.—An Evening with Whittier.
Dec. 19.—Dramatic Entertainment.
Jan. 23.—Thrilling Incidents in the Zulu War of 1879, by an Eye Witness.
Feb. 13.—Discussion: "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," "Love and Theology."
Feb. 27.—Dramatic Entertainment.
Mar. 13.—Mock Trial.
Mar. 27.—An Evening on Natural Science.

Waverly.—Rev. Hilary Bygrave delivered a very interesting and able lecture on "Robert Burns as Man and Poet" last Friday evening, in Waverly Hall, for the benefit of the Unitarian society. The lecture was preceded by a concert of Burns' songs, very effectively rendered by the young ladies of the society. A portrait of the poet adorned the platform; and the large audience were well pleased with the opportunity given of spending "An Evening with Burns."

Yonkers, N. Y.—Rev. Dr. Bixby is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on "The Great Teachers," embracing the following subjects: Confucius and Chinese Positivism; Lao-Tsze, the Emerson of the East; Zoroaster and Persian Dualism; The Buddha and his Way of Salvation; Mohammed and the Koran; The Great Lights of Asia and the Light of the World.
—The members of the Unitarian Society have recently formed a club to promote intellectual culture and a more active social life in the society. Meetings are held fortnightly at the houses of members. An hour is spent in readings or other literary work, after which another hour is devoted to music, conversation, etc.

Rev. Geo. Batchelor will spend the winter in the East at Wellesley Hills, Mass.

JOTTINGS.

Dr. Heber Newton says of "Robert Elsmere": "It is a shelter thrown up on the storm-swept mountain for those who have been wandering and are chilled by the fogs of the night."

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been established in the City of Mexico. The "Band of Mercy" movement which is spreading so fast in this country and Great Britain, has made its way to China and Japan,—in the last named country six bands have been formed.

The Japanese government has elected Miss Kin Kato, a graduate of the Normal School of Tokio, to receive three years' training in the Normal School at Salem, Mass., to fit her to take charge of similar institutions in her own country. This lady will be the first educated in America at the expense of the government of Japan.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has recently completed one lecture tour in the West, and is to begin another in February.

During the year 1887 sixty-six patents were issued to women; during 1888 one hundred and seventy-nine.

In the report of the New York League of Unitarian Women which we give on another page, the suggestion made by the president is one that may well be heeded in all our churches, that persons in *pews adjacent* to those of *strangers* should feel responsibility to welcome such, and, of course, as far as practicable to form their acquaintance, introduce them, and make them feel at home.

Says the Boston *Commonwealth* of Dec. 15: "As Rev. Robert Collyer stood in a little way-station in New Hampshire Saturday morning, two hours after midnight, waiting for the through train, another patient waiter in conversation brought up the subject of ages. Mr. Collyer looked up at the little clock on the wall, and, as curiously enough was the case, exclaimed, 'Just 65 years ago this very hour, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the 8th of December, 1823, I was born. That is the record in the old Yorkshire register.'"

Our article last month on "The Khasis," of India, described that people as demon-worshipers. In a private letter Mr. Singh explains more fully what this demon-worship is. He says: "The demons of the Khasis seem to resemble those of the Greeks. The Khasis believe that God has created a number of invisible beings (spirits) to look after the affairs of mankind, and these claim worship and reverence from men. They offer sacrifices of bulls, cows, goats, pigs, cocks, hens, eggs, etc., to these demons. The spirits of the departed are also regarded as demons, as claiming food from the living at times. All misfortunes which befall men, such as illness, diseases, accidents, etc., are attributed to both of these kinds of demons. When a man is attacked with illness, he would send for an egg-breaker, and this man would inquire by breaking one or more eggs what demon caused that illness, and when he has found out the particular demon he would offer such sacrifices to him as are customary. The Khasis know God, but they scarcely offer any sacrifice to Him. It is only when they fall in a dilemma that they would cry out, "Oh God, it is Thou who is able to do everything," and such like exclamations.

The Topeka *Capitol* estimates that Kansas has saved not less than $12,000,000 since her prohibition law went into effect.

An enterprising Philadelphia printer, evidently desirous of relieving Friday from the unjust odium hanging about it, is circulating the following list of events that have occurred on Friday:

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.

A NEW YEAR OF THE UNITARIAN.

The *Unitarian* enters upon its fourth year with better prospects than ever before. It will continue to labor with untiring zeal for the promotion of a Liberal Christianity which shall be as consecrated as it is rational; on fire with philanthropy and missionary zeal; organized and united; loyal to its great inheritances from the past, believing in better things to come; at one with men and women of ever sect and class and name who desire to build up a religion as broad, high, deep and eternal as the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

As we enter upon a new year of the *Unitarian* what can our friends do to help us?

1. Subscribers of the past years can renew their subscriptions promptly.

2. Pastors can speak from their pulpits such words of kindly commendation as may be in their hearts, as so many have done in the past.

3. Persons who have kindly acted as local agents in the past can continue co-operation in that way; and in churches where there are no agents, such may to advantage be appointed.

4. Friends everywhere can speak of the *Unitarian* to their neighbors and solicit subscriptions where this is agreeable.

5. We are offering to send the *Unitarian* on trial, to non-subscribers, *three months for 10 cents.* Many persons are aiding us by sending us addresses and 10 cents with each address,— thus if one forwards us a dollar, and ten names, we will send the *Unitarian* for three months on trial to the ten. This is an excellent plan.

6. Any who so desire may contribute, in sums large or small, to our Missionary Fund for sending out free copies, which we mention on another page.

The *Unitarian* is sent to all subscribers until word is received to discontinue. So large a proportion of our subscribers wish the magazine sent right on, even if they forget to pay precisely when the year is out, that there seems to be no other way to do but this.

We are often asked if we make reduced rates for the *Unitarian* for missionary uses. Yes, as follows: A package of 10 copies, to one address, to be used for P. O. mission work, for church-door distribution, or otherwise for missionary purposes, will be sent for $7.50.

THE INQUIRER, A RELIGIOUS, POlitical and Literary Newspaper, and Record of Reverent Free Thought. (Established 1842.) Price twopence weekly. Subscription price 10 shillings ($2.50) per year, or 2 shillings 6 pence for 3 months, postage paid. **The Inquirer** has been for nearly half a century the representative of freedom of theological thought, combined with devoutness of spirit. Its writers have always included many of the recognised leaders of liberal religious thought; and this year several of our younger ministers and scholars fully imbued with the spirit of the time are added. Special attention will be given to the work of societies connected with Free Christian, Unitarian, and other, Liberal Religious Bodies, and to the spread of Liberal views of Theology in orthodox churches. Current Religious Life, in its more important aspects, will receive notice, and sympathy will be shown with social movements relating to the religious world. Reading for the Family and the Home Circle will be given. The Literary department will present views of new books, and articles by our best scholars and writers. Representative Correspondence and "Open Council" will continue to be a feature of the paper.

The several **Special Series of Articles** by well-known writers will appear this year.

Copies to be obtained at the **Inquirer Office, Essex Hall, Strand, W. C., London,** at the various churches, or through any news agent. A specimen copy will be sent post free, on application to the Publisher, **C. A. Bridgman,** as above; to whom all business communications should be sent and all payments made.

LEND A HAND (Monthly).—A Journal of organized Philanthropy.

EDWARD E. HALE, D. D., Editor; JOHN STILMAN SMITH, Manager

$2.00 per year. 20 cents single number.

This Journal has been established by the persons interested in organized philanthropy in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and other cities. Their wish is to make a monthly magazine of the first class, which may meet the need of all persons of public spirit in all parts of the United States.

It has a special department for the *Lend a Hand* Societies and all the *Tens*.

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